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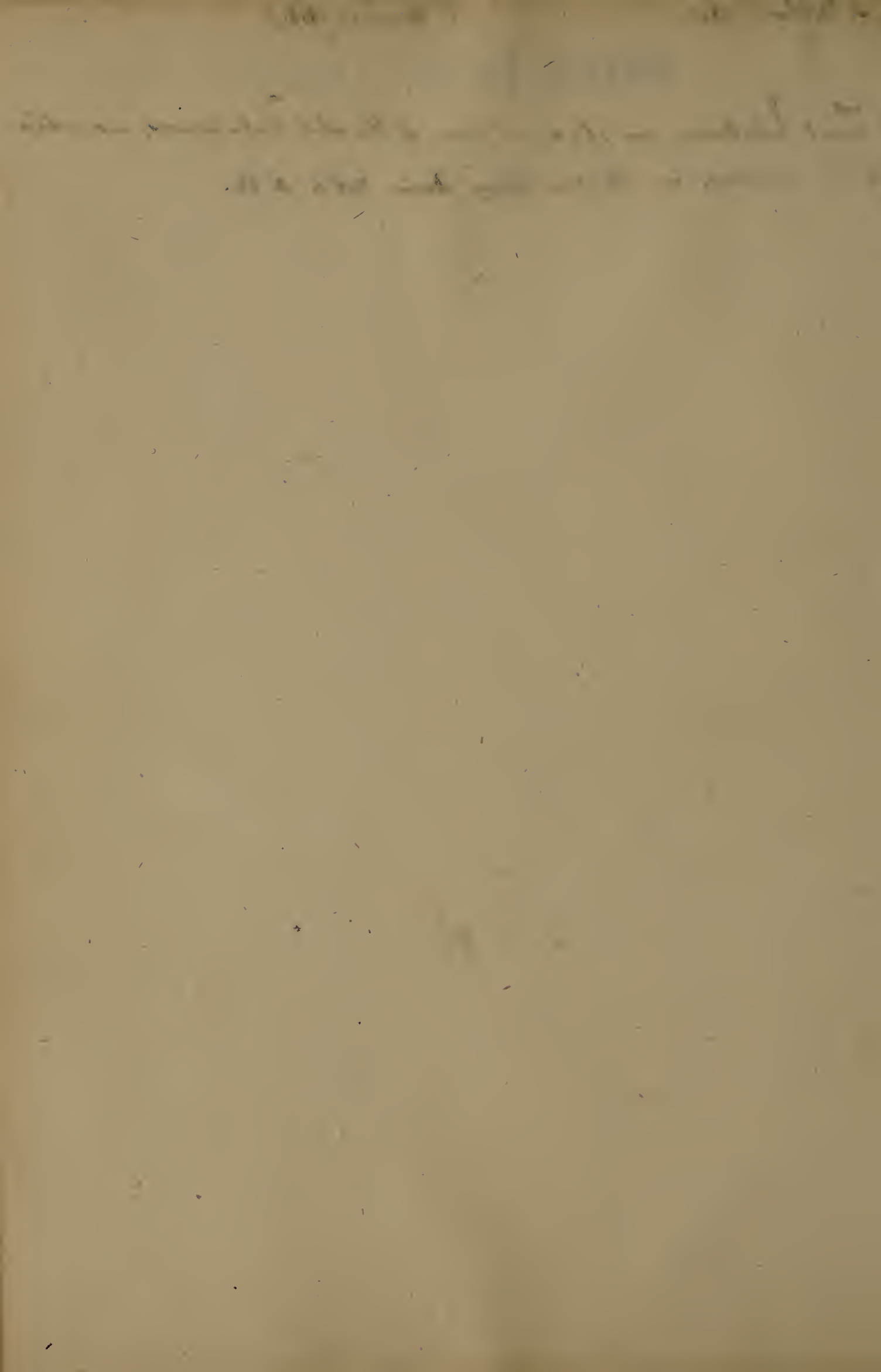
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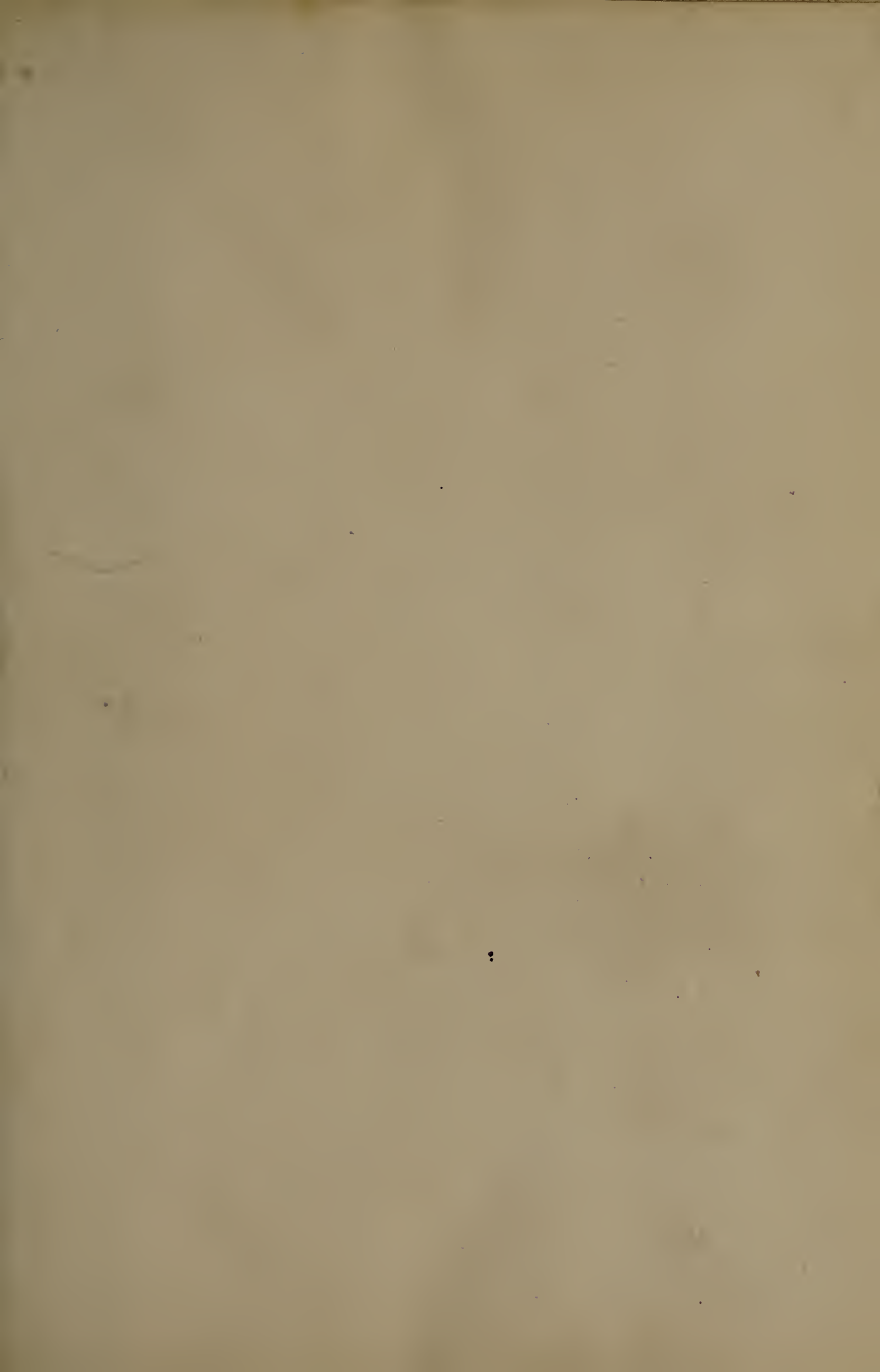
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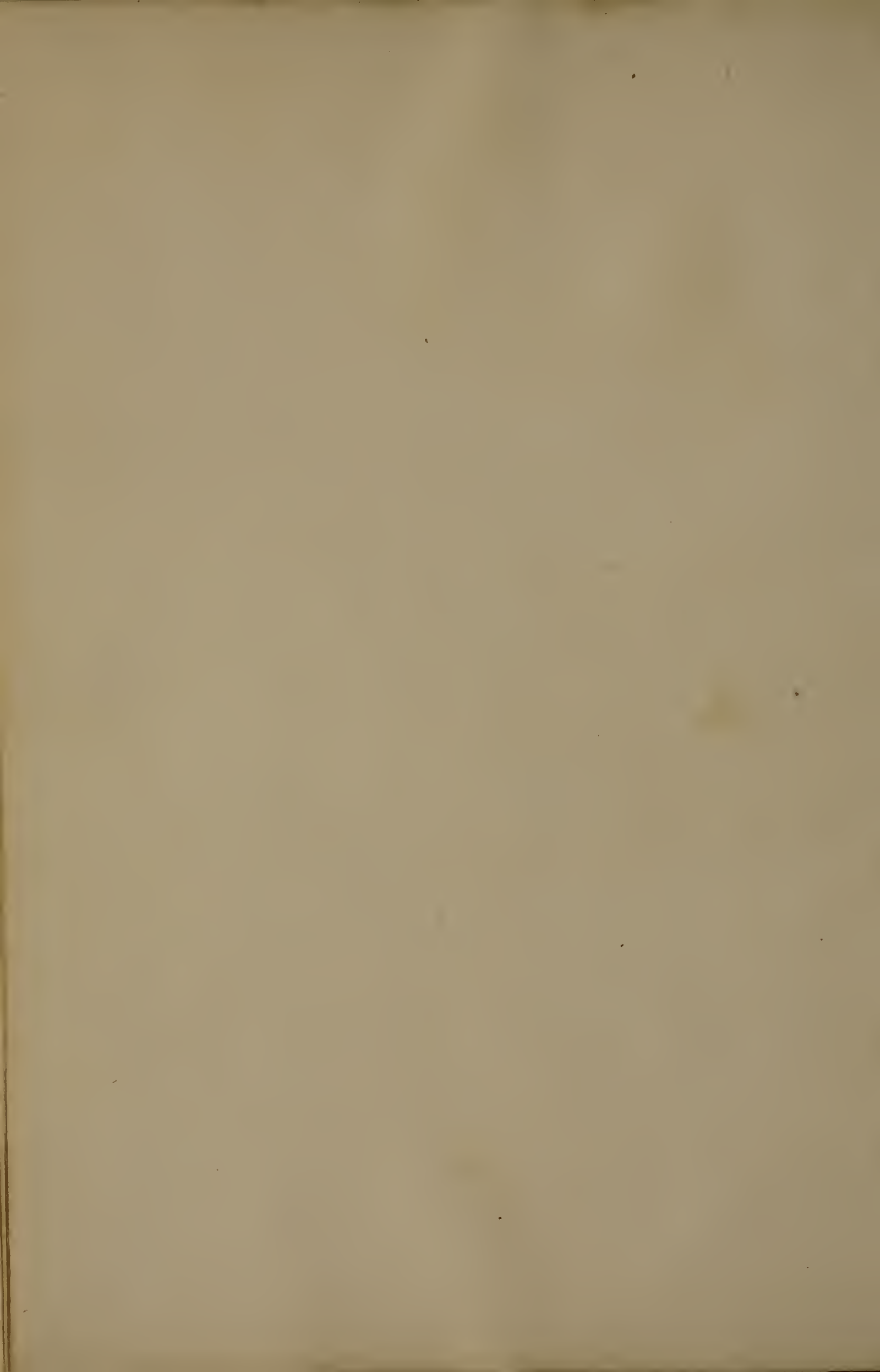
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to Tho. Barker. see Barker's Biog. Dram. vol. ii. p. 38.





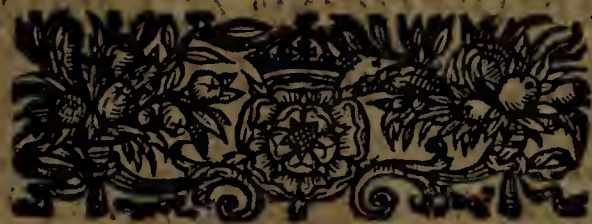


THE
BLOODIE
BANQVET.
A
TRAGEDIE.

Hector adest secumque Deos in praelia ducit.

Nos hæc noſtimus eſſe nihil.

BY T. D.



LONDON

Printed by Thomas Cotes. 1639.

149 713
Drammatis Personæ.

XV
3810
11

The King of Lydia.

Tymethes his Sonne.

Lapirus his Nephew.

The King of Lycia.

Zantippus his Sonne.

Eurimone his Daughter.

Armatrites King of Cilicia.

Zenarchus his Sonne.

Amphridote his Daughter.

His Young Queene.

Her Mayd.

Mazerus his Favorite.

Roxona the young Queenes Keeper

Fidelio. } Two faithfull Servants to the
Amorpho } Lydian King.

Sextorio. } Two unfaithfull Servants
Lodovicus. } of his.

The Old Queene of Lydia.

Her two little Children.

Chorus. 4. Servants.

The Clowne. Souldiers.

Two Shepheards.



THE
BLOODY BANQVET,
A
TRAGEDIE.

INDVCTIO.

Enter

Florish.



*T*one doore the old King of Lydia, Tymethes his Sonne, Lapyrus his Nephew, and Souldiers. At the other the old King of Lycia, Zantippus his Son, Eurymone his Daughter, and Souldiers. The two Kings parley, and change hostages for peace. Lapyrus is given to the Lycian, and Zantippus to the Lydian. The Lycian seemes to offer his daughter Eurymone to Lapyrus to fall from his Uncle, and joyne with him; he accepts her, drawing his sword against his Country and Uncle. The Lydian sends his sonne Tymethes for ayd; he enters againe with Armatrites King of Cilicia, Zenarchus his sonne, and Mazerus a young Prince, the Cilician Kings follower. All they draw against the Lycians party, whereat they all with Lapyrus flye; the two other Kings pursuing them. Then enter the old Queene of Lydia flying from her Nephew Lapyrus, with two Babes in her armes; he pursuing her with his drawne sword.

A 2

Enter

The Bloody Banquet.

Enter Chorus.

After the waste of many thousand wounds
Given and receiv'd alike, in seaven set battailēs,
Lydia's old King upon conditions sign'd
For Peace and truce, enter'd consealed league
With his fierce enemy the *Lycian* King
Gave him in Hostage as his pledge of faith,
His Nephew, Lord *Lapyrus*, and receiv'd
Noble *Zantippus* from the *Lycian*;
To make the contract full and honourable,
This Lord *Lapyrus* entertain'd and wellcom'd
But chiefly by the faire *Eurymone*
The Kings sole daughter, who unto *Lapyrus*
Offers her as his Bride, so he would turne
A Traytor to his Country and his King:
Lapyrus, to obtaine the beautious mayd
Turnes Traytor to his King, and joynes his forcē
Vnto his faire loves Fathers, *Lycia's* Kings;
Th' old King of *Lydia* being so beset
By his owne Nephews unexpected trecheries,
Sent forth his sonne *Tymethes* to crave ayd
From *Armatrites* King of great *Cilicia*,
Which he obtain'd in a disaltrous houre
As the event will witnesse; In this trouble
The frighted Queene with her two Infants fled
Into a Forrest, fearing the sad ruine
Hourly expected, untill *Armatrites*
With a fresh Army forc'd *Lapyrus* flye
And sav'd the King, doom'd for worse treachery.
What followes shewes it selfe; tis our full due,
If we with labour give content to you.

Exit.

A. C.

The Bloody Banquet.

Act. I. Scene. I.

Enter, The two Kings of Lydia and Cilicia, Zenarchus sonne to the Cilician, Tymethes, sonne to the Lydian, Mazeres, Fidelio, Amorpho, Sextorio, Lodovicus, when they come unto the Throne, the Tyrant of Cilicia puts by the old King, and ascends alone: all snatch out their swords, Mazeres crownes him, the old King and Tymethes stand amazed.

Flourish.

Arm. Speranza.

Omn. Long live Armatrites King of Lydia.

King. How?

Arm. Art thou amaz'd old King, and all thy people Mutually labouring in a fit of wonder?

Start from those pale dreames, we will prove all true,

Who wins the day the brightnesse is his due.

King. King of Cilicia.

Arm. I and Lydia now,

Bate us not our Titles, we and ours

Have sweate and dearely earn'd them in our flesh.

King. It favors not of noblenesse nor vertue,

Religion, loyalty, heaven or natures lawes

So most perfidiously to enter, Tyrant,

Where was, expected honesty and honour,

Affiltance from a friend, not a dissembler,

A Royall neighbour and no politique foe.

What worse than this could th' enemy performe?

And when shines friendship best but in a storme?

Arm. Why, doating Lydia, is it of no vertue

To bring our Army hither and put in venture

Our person and their lives upon our foes?

Wasting our courage, weakning our best forces;

Impoverishing the heart of our munition,

And having wonne the honour of the battaile

To throw our glory on unworthy spirits,

And so unload victories honey thiges

To let Droanes feede?

The Bloody Banquet.

King. Will nothing satisfie but all?

Arm. Without all, nothing.

The Kingdome and not under suites our blood,
Flyes are are not Eagles preyes nor thanks our food:
And for *Cilicia* our other spheare,
Our sonne *Zenarchus* let thy beames movē there.

Zen. Rather, my Lord, let me move pittie here,
Vnto that reverend fate-afflicted King;
For whom, with his disconsolate sonne (my friend
And plighted Brother) I here kneele as Sutor.
Oh my most Noble Father, still retaine
The scale of honour and religion,
A Kingdome rightly possessed by course,
Containes more joy than is usurpt by forcē.

Arm. The Boy hath almost chang'd us.

Max. He cooles — my Lord, remember you are possess'd.

Arm. What, with the Devill?

Max. The Devill! the Dukedome, the Kingdome, *Lydia*.
All pant under your Scepter; the sway's yours,
Be not bought out with words, a Kingdome's deare,
Kisse fortune, keepe your minde, and keepe your state,
Y'are laught at if you prove compassionate.

Arm. Thanks to *Mazeres*, he hath refresht our spirits,
Zenarchus, 'tis thy death if thou proceede,
Thy words we threate, rise silent or else bleed.

King. Who can expect but blood where Tyrants governe?

Arm. We are not yet so cruell to thy fortune
As was *Lapyrus*, thy owne Nephew, trecherous;
That stole upon thy life, besieg'd thee basely,
And had betray'd thee to thine enemies anger
Had we not beate his strength to his owne throate;
And made him shrinke before us, all can tell
In him twas monstrous, tis in us but well;
A tricke of warre, advantage, policy, nay rather recompence;
There's more deceite in peace, tis common there
T' unfold young heires, the old may well stand bare.
You have your life, be thankfull, and tis more
Than your perfidious Nephew would consent to,

Had

The Bloody Banquet.

Had he surpriz'd you first, your fate is cast,
The sooner you be gone 'twill prove the safer.

Kin. On thee *Lapyrus*, and thy treacheries, fall
The heavie burthen of an old mans curse.

Fid. Your Queene with her two Infants fled the Citty
Affrighted at this treason and new warres.

Kin. Newes of more sadnesse than the Kingdomes losse,
She fled upon her houre, for had she stayd
Sh' had either dyed, beene banish'd, or betrayd.

I have some servants here?

Arma. All these my Lord. (flattering, I am donē,

Kin. All these? not all; you did forget, I am not worth the
Old and at set, honour the rising Sunne. X

If any for love serve me, which is he?

Now let him shame the world and follow me.

Fid. That's I my Lord.

Amor. And I.

Kin. What two of you?

Let it be enrould

Two follow a King when he is poorē and old. *Exit. cum suis.*

Sex. Farewell King. Ile play the Flounder, keepe me to my

Eod. And so will I, this is the flowing side. (ryde.

Maz. Those men are yours, my Lord.

Arm. We'le grace them chiefly,
Waite for imployment, place and eminencē,
The like to each that to our bounty flies,
For he that falls to us shall surely rise.

His sonne *Tymethes* little frights our thoughts,
He's young, and given to pleasure, not to plots.

Maz. Your Grace defines him right, he may remaine,
The Prince your sonne, binde him in a love-chain;
There's little feare of him.

Arm. Their loves are deate,
Base Boy, he leaves his father to live here.

Maz. His presence sets a glosse on your attēpts,
They have their luster from him.

Arm. He's their Countenance,
Twas well observ'd and follow'd, he shall stay,

Mazeres,

The Bloody Banquet.

Mazeres, thou artest us that wonne the day:

Exit. all but Zenarchus and Tymethes.

Zen. None but *Mazeres*, that Court flye, could on
The vertues of the King blow such corruption,
Man falls to vice in minutes, runnes; and leapes,
But unto goodnesse he takes wary steppes.

How soone a Tyrant? why *Tymethes*, Friend, Brother?

Tym. Peace, prithe peace, you undoe me if you wake me,
I hope I'me in a dreame.

Zen. Would twere so happy?

Tym. No! why then wake Begger; but the comfort is
I have brave seeming kinsmen: why *Zenarchus*,
Tis not the losse of Kingdome, Fathers banishment,
Vncertainty of Mother, afflicts me

With halfe the violence that those cross'd affections,
Betwixt your Princely Sister and our selfe,
Who upon fortune, or her Fathers frowne,
Erecting the whole Fabricke of her love,
Either now will not, or else dare not love me.

Zen. Chance alters not affection, see in me
That hold thee deare still spight of Tyrannie:
Fate does but dim the glasse of a right man,
He still retaines his worth, doe what fate can.
Change faith for drosse? I will not call her sister,
That shall hate vertue for affliction.

Enter Amphridote.

And here she comes to cleare those doubts her selfe.

Amp. Strange alteration I will the King my Father
Goe to his grave a Ruffian and a Treacher?
In his gray heires turne Tyrant to his friends?
Wasting his penitentiall times in plots,
Acting more sinnes than he hath teares to weepe for them?

Tym. Alas Lady, fortune hath chang'd my state, can you love

Am. Why fortune hath the least comand ore love, (a begger?
She cannot drive *Tymethes* from himselfe,
And tis *Tymethes*; not his painted glories,
My soule in her accomplish'd wish desires:

Zen. What say you now sir?

Tym.

The Bloody Banquet.

Tim. Nothing but admire
That heaven can frame a creature like a woman
And she be constant, seeing most are common.

Zen. Put by your wonder sir, she proves the same,
I spake her vertues for her ere she came,
And when my father dyes I here doe vow,
This kingdome now detained wrongfully
Shall then returne unforcedly to you,
In part thy dowry, but in all thy due.

Tym. Vnmatched honest young man:

Enter Mazeres observing. (der.

Zen. Come, let your lips meete though your fortunes wan-

Maz. Ha! taste lips so bounteously with a begger?

Zen. Thus in firme state let your affections rest,
Time, that makes wretched, makes the same men blest. *Exeunt.*

Maz. What's here? either the Princes out of charities rare-
Are pleas'd to lay aside their glories, and refresh (nesse

The gasping fortunes of a desperate wretch;

Or if for larger bounties I was mad.

T' advise the King for his remaining here

That had beene banish'd, and with him my feare :

I love the Princeesse, and the King allowes it.

If he should prove a rivall to my love,

I have argued faire for his abiding here:

My plots shall worke his ruine, if one faile

He rayse a second, for I must prevaile :

I that us'd policie to cause him stay

Can shew like Art to rid my feares away. *Exit.*

Exit.

Scene. 2.

Enter the old Queene with two Babes, as being hard pursued.

Que. Oh whither shall I flye with these poore Babes?

Twice set upon by Theeves within this Forrest

Who rob'd me of my Cloathes, and left me these,

Which better suite with my calamity :

The Bloody Banquet.

What fate pursues the good old King my husband,
I cannot learne which is my worst affliction;
Oh trecherous *Lapirus* ! impious Nephew !
All horrors of a guilty brest keepe with thee ;
Either poore Babes, you must pine here for food,
Or have the wars drinke your immaculate blood.

Cry within follow, follow.

Oh flye, least life and honour be betrayd.

Exit.

Scen. 3.

Enter Lapirus disguised.

Lap. Villainē and fugitive, where wilt thou hide
Th' abhorred burthen of thy wretched flesh ?
In what disguise canst thou be safe and free,
Having betray'd thy Countrey ? base *Lapirus*.
Earth stretch thy throate, take downe this bitter Pill,
Loathing the hatefull taste of his owne ill.

Enter the Queene and two souldiers pursuing her. (ter.)

Qu. Oh help, good heaven save a poore wretch from slaugh-

The. 1. Stop her mouth first, souldiers must have their spott
Tis dearely earnd, they venture their blood for't.

Lap. A Mother so enforc'd by pittilesse slaves ?
Let me redeeme my honour in her rescue,
And in this deede my former basenesse dye.

The. 2. Come, come.

Que. If ever woman bore you. *(damn'd villaines.)*

Lap. Who ere bore them monsters begot them; mercilesse

Both. Hold, hold, sir; we are souldiers, but doe not love to
fight. *Exeunt.*

Que. Let me diffwade you from all hope of recompence
Save thankes and prayers, which are the Beggers gifts,

Lap. You cannot give me that I have more neede of
Than prayers; for my soule hath a poore stocke;
There's a faire house within, but tis ill furnisht
There wants true teares for hangings, penitent falls,

For

The Bloody Banquet.

For without prayers souldiers are but bare walls:
Whence are you? that with such a carefull charge,
Dare passe this dangerous Forrest?

Que. Generous sir,
I was of *Lydia* once, as happie then
As now unfortunate; till one *Lapyrus*,
That trayterous villaine Nephew to the King
Sought the confusion of his State and him;
And with a secret Army guirt his Land,
When peace was plighted by his enemies hand,
Little expecting such unnaturall Treason
From forth a Kinsmans bosome; all admir'd
But I his miserable Queene.

Lap. Oh sinke into perdition, let me heare no further, *aside.*

Que. Ile tell you all; for your so late attempt
Confirmes you honest, and my thoughts so keepe you:
I frighted at new warres, and his false breath,
Chose rather with these Babes this lingering death.

Lap. Oh in her words I endure a thousand deaths.

Que. The truth of this sad story hath beene yours,
Now, curteous sir, may I request your name,
That in my prayers I may place the same,

Lap. Ile put my death into her woefull hands.

Que. I heare you not sir, I desire you name.

Lap. To adde some small content to your distresse,
Know that *Lapyrus*, whom your miseries
May rightly curse, and be revenged justly
Lurkes in this Forrest equally distrest.

Que. In this Forrest lurkes that abhorred villaine?

Lap. These eyes did see him; and faith Lady, say
If you should meete that worst of villaines here,
That Treacher, Monster; what would you attempt?

Que. His speedy death, I should forget all mercy,
Had I but meanes fully to expresse my vengeance.

Lap. You would not, Queene.

Que. No? by these Infants teares
That weepe for hunger, I would throughly doe't.

Lap. See yonder he comes.

The Bloody Banquet.

Que. Oh where?

Lap. Here, take my sword,
Are you yet constant? shame your Sex and be so; will you do't?

Que. I see him not.

Lap. Strike him through his guilt and trechery
And let him see the horrors of his perjur'd soule,
Are you ready?

Que. Pray let me see him first. *pulls off his false beard*

Lap. You see him now — now do't. *and kneeles.*

Que. *Lapirus!*

Oh fortunate revenge! now all thy villanies
Shall be at once requited, thy countries ruine
The King thy Uncles sorrow, my owne miseries,
Shall at this minute all one vengeance meete.
Alas, he doth submit, prayes, and relents,
Who could wish more? none made from woman can,
Small glory 'twere to kill a kneeling man:
When he in penitent sighes his soule commends
Thou send'st him to the Gods, thy selfe to th' fiends:
But hearken to thy piteous Infants cryes,
And th'are for vengeance, peace then, now he dyes.
Ingratefull woman, he delivered thee
From ravishment, canst thou his murtheresse be?
What's riches to thy honours? that rare treasure
Which worlds redceme not, yet tis lost at pleasure.
Kill him that preserv'd that? and in thy rescue
His noble rage so manfully behav'd:
Rise, rise, he that repents is ever sav'd.

Lap. Will misery yet a longer life afford,
To see a Queene so poore, not worth her word?

Que. I am better than my word, my word was death.

Lap. Man's nere past griefe, till he be past his breath.

Que. I pardon all *Lapirus.*

Lap. Doe not do't.

Que. And onely to one penance I enjoyne thee
For all thy faults past, while we here remaine
Within this Forrest, this thy taske shall bee,
To procure succour to my Babes and me.

Lap.

The Bloody Banquet.

Lap. And if I faile may the earth swallow me.

Que. Th'art now growne good, here could I ever dwell,
Were the old King, my husband safe and well. *Exeunt.*

Scene. 4.

Enter Tymethes and Zenarchus.

Zen. Come, come, drive away these fits, faith Ile have thee.

Tym. As your son and heire at his fathers funerall. (merry..)

Zen. Thou see'st my sifter constantly affects thee.

Tym. There were no mirth nor musicke else for me.

Zen. Sir in this Castle the old King my father
Ore-worne with jealousye keeps his beauteous wife,
I thinke thou never saw'st her.

Tym. No, not I.

Zen. Why then thy judgements fresh, Ile visite her
On purpose for thy censure.

Tym. I speake my affection.

Zen. Nay on my knowledge she's worth Jealousie,

Enter Roxano.

Though Jealousie be farre unworthy a King.

Rox. My lov'd Lord?

Zen. How cheares the Queene? *they whisper.*

Tym. Have I not seene this fellow before now?

He has an excellent presence for a Pander,

I know not his office.

Zen. Use those words to her.

Rox. They shall be us'd my Lord; and any thing

That comes to using, let it come to me. *Exit.*

Tym. What's he *Zenarchus*?

Zen. Who *Roxano*? a fellow in great trust,
Elected by my fathers jealousye.

But he, and all the rest attend upon her

I thinke would turne her Panders for reward;

For tis not watch nor ward keeps woman chaste,

If honours watch in her mind be not plac'd.

Tym. Right Oracle; what gaine hath Jealousie?

The Bloody Banquet.

Fruitlesse suspition, sighes, ridiculous groanes,
Hunger and lust will breake through flesh and stonēs:
And like a whirle-winde blowes ope Castle dores,
Italian padlockes,

Zen. What mad Lords are your jealous people then,
That lockes their wives from all men but their men?
Make them their keepers, to prevent some greater,
So oft it happens to the poores releefe,
Keepers eate Venison when their Lords eate Beefe.

Enter young Queene with a booke in her hand.
See, see, she comes.

Tim Honour of beauty? there mans wishēs rise,
Grace and perfection lighten from her eyes,
Amazement is shot through me.

Zen. Tis *Tymethes*, Lady, Sonnē to the banish'd King.

Que. Is this he?

Zen. It is sweete Lady.

Que. I never knew the force of a desire
Vntill this minute strucke within my blood;
I feare one looke was destin'd to undoe me.

Zen. Why *Tymethes*? friend.

Tym. Ha?

(our Lady Mother.

Zen. A Courtier, and forget your first weapon? goe and salute

Que. He makes towards us: y'are Prince *Tymethes*? so I un-

Tym. The same unfortunate, most gracious Lady, (derstand.
Supreamest of your Sexe in all perfections.

Que. Sir, y'are forgetfull, this is no place for Courtship,
Nor we a subject for't, returne to your friend.

Tym. All hopes kild in their blossome.

Que. Too cruelly in faith I put him by,
Wine for our sonne *Zenarchus*, twas done kindly

Enter Roxano with wine.

You sonne, and our best Visitant.

Zen. Duty bindes me.

Que. Begin to me *Zenarchus*, Ile have't so.

Tym. Why then there's hope shele take occasion
To drinke to me, she hath no meanes t' avoyd it.

Que. Ile prevent all loofe thoughts, drinke to my selfe,

My

The Bloody Banquet.

Drinckes and gives Roxano the Cup.

My minde walkes yonder, but suspect walkes here.

Tym. The divell's on that side and engrosses all,
Smiles, favours, common curtesies, none can fall
But he has a snatch at them; not drinke to me?

Que. Make you yon stranger drinke. *Rox. offers it him.*

Tym. Pox of 't not I.

Que. I speake strange words against my fantastic.

Zen. Prithee *Tymethes* drinke.

Tym. I am not dry.

Zen. I thinke so too; dry, and so young, 'twere strange,
Come prithee drinke to the Queene, my mother.

Tym. You shall rule me — unto that beauteous Majesty.

Que. Thanks noble sir; I must be wary, my mind's dangerous.
Ile pledge you anon sir. *Gives Roxano the Cup.*

Tym. Hart? how contempt ill fortune does pursue?
Not drinke, nor pledge, what was she borne to doe?
Ile stay no longer, least I get that flame,
Which nothing but cold death can quench or tame.

Zenarchus, come.

Exit.

Zen. I goe, musick of minde to the Queene.

Que. To you no lesse.

Zen. And all that you can wish, or I expresse.

Exit.

Que. Thankes to our sonne,

Th' other tooke leave in silence, but left me
To speake enough both for my selfe and thee.

Tymethes? that's his name, poore heart take heede,

Looke well into th' event ere thou proccede:

Love, yet be wise; impossible, none can;

If ere the wise man claime one foolish houre

Tis when he loves; he's then in follies power.

I neede not feare the servants that ore-watch me

Their faiths lye in my Coffers, in effect,

More true to me then to my Lords suspect.

The feares and dangers that most threaten me,

Live in the party that I must enjoy,

And that's *Tymethes*; men are apt to boast,

He may in full cups blaze and vaunt himselfe

Vnto

The Bloody Banquet.

Vnto some meāner Mistresse; make my shame
The politique Engine to beate downe her name,
And from thence force a way to the Kings eares,
Strange fate; where my love keepes, there keepe my feares.

Enter Tyrant.

Tyr. Alone? why where's her guard? suffer her alone?
Her thoughts may worke, their powers are not her owne.
Women haue of themselves no entire sway,
Like Dyall needles they waye every way,
And must be throughly taught to be kept right,
And point to none but to their Lords delight.

Enter Roxano and guard.

Time to conuey and plot? leave her alone!
Why Villaines — kisse me, my perfection,
This night we'le banquet in these blissefull armes.

Qu. Your nights are musick, and your words are charmes.

Tyr. Kisse me againe faire *Tethis*.

Walkes off with her, and the guard followes.

Rox. My Lady is scarce perfect in her thoughts
How ere she fram'd a smile upon the *Tyrant*. (full;
I haue some skill in faces, & yet they neuer were more deceit-
A man can scarce know a Baud from a Midwife by the face;
An hypocriticall Puritan from a devout Christian
If you goe by the face; well all's not streight in my Lady.
She hath certaine crooked cogitations if a man had the liberty
to searh 'em; (nately
If ought point at my advice or performance, shee may fortu-
Disclose it: she knowes my mettle, and what it yeelds to an
ounce,

She cannot be deceiy'd in't: here's service, and secrecie, and
no Lady can

Wish more, beside a Monkey, she is assur'd of our faculties,
there's none

Of us all that stand her smocke Centinells, but would ven-
ter a joynt

To doe her any pleasurable service, and I think that's as much
As any woman desires. — make here she comes.

Enter Queene sad.

The Bloody Banquet.

Tis some strange Physicke I know by the working.

Que. It cannot be kept downe with any Argument,
Tis of aspiring force; sparkes flye not downward,
No more this receiv'd fancy of *Tymethes*,
I threaten it with my Lords lealoufy,
Yet still it rises against all objections;
I see my dangers, in what feares I dwell
There's but a Plankē on which I runne to hell,
Yet were't thrice narrower I should venture on,
None dares doe more for sinne than woman can.
Misery of love — *Roxano*? I am observ'd,
What newes *Roxano*?

Rox. None that's good, Madam.

Que. No? which is the bad!

Rox. The worst of all is, Madam, you are sad.

Que. Indeede I am not merry.

Rox. Would I knew the meanes would make you so,
I would turne my selfe into any shape or office
To be the Author of it, sweete Lady.

Que. Troth I have that hope of thee, I thinke thou would'st.

Rox. Thinke it's foote, you might sweare safely in that action
And never hurt your oath — I nere sayld yet.

Que. Twere sinne to injure thee, I know thou didst not.

Rox. Nay I know I did not.

Que. But my trusty servant,
This plot requires art, secreisie and wit,
Yet out of all can hardly worke one safety.

Rox. Not one, that's strange, I would 'twere put to me,
He make it arrive safe what ere it be.

Que. Thou couldst not my *Roxano* — why admit I love,
now I come to thee.

Rox. Admit you love? why all's safe enongh yet.

Que. I, but a stranger.

Rox. Nay, now we are all spoyld Lady,
I may looke for my braines in my Bootes — now you have put
Home to me indeed, Madam; A stranger? there's a hundred
Deaths in the very name, besides vantage.

Que. I sayd I should affright thee.

The Bloody Banquet.

Rox. Faith no foolē can fright me, Madam, commonly
cal'd a stranger.

Que. Hast thou the will? or dar'st thou doe me good?

Rox. Doe thee good, sweete Lady? as farre as I am able
nere doubt it;

Let me but cast about for safaty, and Ile doe any thing, Madam.

Que. I, I, our safeties; which are meere impossibles,
Love forgets all things but its proper objects.

Rox. What is he? and his name?

Que. *Tymethes*, in a most unluckie minute
Led hither by our Sonne in Law *Zenarchus*.

Rox. Hum, is that the most fortunate, spider catching,
smocke wrapt Gentleman?

Que. Yet if he know me.

Rox. What then?

Que. I am undone.

Rox. And is it possible a man should lye with a woman and
yet not know her?

And yet tis possible too — thanke my Invention, follow that
game still.

Que. He must not know me; than I love no further;
Although for not enjoying him I dye;
My Lords pale jealousie does so orelookē me,
That if *Tymethes* know what he enjoyes
It may make way unto my Lords mistrust;
Then since in my desire such horrours move
Ile dye no other then the death of love.

(She swoonds and Roxano holds her in his armes.)

Rox. Lady, Madam, doe you heare?

Have you leasure to swoune now, when I have taken such
paines i'th' businesse?

To take order for your safaty, set all things right; why Madam?

Que. What sayes the man?

Rox. Why he sayes like a Gentleman every inch of him,
And will performe the office of a gentleman; bring you to-
gether;

Put you together, and leave you together: what gentleman
can doe more?

Que.

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Que. And all this safely?

Rox. And all this safely? I by this hand will I,
Or else would I might never doe any thing to purpose;
If he have but the first part of a young gentleman in him.
Tis granted Madam; I have crotchets in my braine
That you shall see him and enjoy him, and he not know where
he is, nor who it is.

Que. How? shall he not know me?

Rox. Why tis the least part of my meaning he should Lady.
Doe you thinke you could possibly be safe and he know you?
Why some of your yong Gallants are of that vaine-glorious
and preposterous
Humour, that if they lay with their owne Sisters you should
heare them prate of't,

This is too usuall, there's no wonder in't: what I have sayd
I will sweare to performe, you shall enjoy him ere night
And he not know you next morning.

Que. Thou art not onely necessary but pleasing,
There, catch our bounty, mannage all but right,
As now with gold, with honours weele requite. *Exit.*

Rox. I am your creature Lady; pretty gold,
And by this light me thinkes most easily earn'd,
There's no faculty, sav I like a Pander, and that makes so many
Now adayes dye in the Trade: I have your gold Lady,
And eke your service; I am one step higher,
This office makes a gentleman a Squire. *Exit.*

Act. 2. Scene. 1.

Enter Clowne, and two Sheapheards.

Shep. 1. Come fellow *Coridon*, are the pits digg'd?

Clo. I, and as deepe as an *Vsurers* conscience I warrant thee.

Shep. 2. Mas and that's deepe enough, 'twill devoure a wid-
dow and three Orphans

At a breakefast; soft, is this it?

Shep. 1. I, I, this is it.

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Clo. Nay for the deepenesse Ile be sworne; but come my masters & lay these boughes crosse over: so, so, artificially, and may all those horſen Muttonmongers the wolves, hole here, which eate our ſheepe.

Shep. 2. I wonder what wolves thoſe are which eate our ſheepe,

Whether they be he wolves or ſhe wolves?

Clo. They ſhould be he wolves by their loving Mutton, But by their greedineſſe they ſhould be ſhe wolves.

For the belly of a ſhe wolf is never ſatisfied till it be dam'd up.

Shep. 1. Why are the ſhe wolves worſe than the he's?

Clo. Why, is not the dam worſe than the Devill pray?

Shep. 1. You have answered me there indeed.

Clo. Why man, if all the Earth were Parchment, the Sea Ink Every ſticke a pen, and every knave a Scrivener, they were not all able to write downe the knaveries of ſhe wolves.

Shep. 2. A murren on them, hee's or ſhees, they ſucke the blood of none but our Lambes.

Clo. Oh alwayes the weakeſt goes to the wall, as for example, knocke downe a ſheepe and he tumbles forwards, knocke downe a woman and ſhe tumbles backwards.

Shep. 1. Sirra, I wonder how many ſorts of wolves there be?

Clo. Marry juſt as many ſorts as there be knaves in the Cards.

Shep. 2. Why that's foure.

Clo. Firſt there are your Court wolves, and thoſe be Foule eaters and cleane drinkers.

Shep. 2. And why cleane drinkers?

Clo. Why becauſe when they be drunke they commonly caſt up all, and ſo make clenſing weeke of't.

Shep. 2. So ſir, thoſe are cleane drinkers indeed.

Clo. The next are your Country wolves, nothing choakes them but plenty, they ſing like Syrens when corne goes out by ſhip-fulls, and dance after no tane but after an angell a Buſhell.

She. 1. The halter take ſuch cornecutters.

She. 2. Are there no Citty Wolves?

Clo. A rope on them, yes, huge routes, you ſhall have long lane full of them; theyle feed upon any whore, carrion, theefe, or any thing.

She. 1.

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Shep. 1. Have they such mawes?

Clo. Mawes? why man, filders have no better stomackes, I have knowne some of them eate up a Lord at three bits.

Shep. 2. Three bonds you meane.

Clo. A Knight is no body with them,
A young gentleman is swallowed whole like a Gudgeon.

Shep. 1. I wonder that Gudgeon does not choake him.

Clo. A Gudgeon choake him, if the throate of his conscience be found, he'le gulpe downe any thing; five of your silken Gallants are swallowed easier than a Damaske Prune: for our Citty wolves doe so roule my young prodigall first in waxe, which is soft, till he looke like a gilded Pill, and then so finely wrap him up in Sattin which is sleeke, that he goes downe without chewing, and thereupon they are called slippery Gallants.

Shep. 1. Ile be no Gentleman for that tricke.

Clo. The last is your Sea-wolfe, a horrible ravener to, hee has a belly as big as a ship, and devours as much silke at a gulp as would serve forty dozen Taylors against a Christmas day or a running at Tilt.

Shep. 1. Well, well, now our trap is set what shall we doe with the wolves we catch?

Clo. Why those that are great ones and more than our matches we'le let goe, and the lesser wolves we will hang: shall it be soo?

Both. 'I, each man to his stand.

Exeunt.

Scene. 2.

Enter Lapius, solus.

Lap. Foulē monster monger, who must live by that
Which is thy owne destruction: Why should men
Be natures bondslaves? Every creature else
Comes freely to the Table of the Earth;
That which for man alone doth all things beare
Scarce gives him his true dyet any where.
What spightfull winds breath here? that not a Tree
Spreads, forth a friendly arme? distressed Queene,

And

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And most accursed Babes; the earth that beares you
Like a proud mother, scornes to give you food: ha?
I hankes fate, I now defie thee starveling hunger,
Blest tree, foure lives grow in thy fruite, run tast it then,
Wise men serve first themselves then other men.

He falls in the Pit.

Oh me accursed and most miserable,
Helpe, helpe, some Angell lay a listning eare,
To draw my cry up; none to lend helpe: oh
Then pine and dye.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. A wolfe caught, a wolfe caught.

Lap. Oh helpe, I am no wolfe good friend.

Clo. No! What art thou then?

Lap. A miserable wretch.

Clo. An Usurer? *Lap.* No, no.

Clo. A Broaker then?

Lap. Mocke not a man in woe, in a greene wound,
Poure Balsome and not Physicke.

Clo. Snayles, he talkes like a Surgeon,
If you be one why doe you not helpe your selfe sir?

Lap. I am no Surgeon friend, my name's *Lapirus*.

Clo. How? a wolfe caught hoa — *Lap* what *Lap*, hoa!

Lap. *Lapirus* is my name dost thou not know me?

Clo. Yes, for a wolvish rascall that would have worried
his owne Country.

Lap. Torture me not, I prithee, I am that wretch; a villaine
I was once; but I am now —

Clo. The Devill in the Vault; you sirra, that betrayd your
Countray, and the old King your Vncle, there lye till one
Wolfe devoure another, thou trecherous rascall. *Exit.*

Lap. Oh me most miserable and wretched creature!
I now doe finde there's a revenging fate
That doomes bad men to be unfortunate.

Scene. 3.

Enter Zenarchus, Tymethes, Amphridore, and Mazeres.

Tym. We are observ'd.

Zen.

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Zen. By whom?

Tym. *Mazerus* followes us.

Amp. Oh he's my protested servant, your sole Rivall.

Tym. The devill he is.

Amp. You'le make a hot Suitour of him anon?

Tym. He may be hot in th' end, his good parts sue for't,

Zen. He eyes us still.

Tym. He does, you shall depart Lady;

Ile take my leave on purpose in his presence,

He's jealous, and a kisse runnes through his heart,

Ile make a thrust at him on your lip.

Maz. Death! minute favours? every step a kisse?

I thinke they count how the day goes by kissing,

Tis past foure since I met them.

Tym. I have hit him in the Gall in stead of th' blood,

He sheds distractions, which are worse than wounds.

Zen. But sirra!

Maz. Stayes he to proove my Rivall? curs'd be th' hourē

Wherein I advis'd the King for his stay here,

I have set slaves t' entrap him, yet none prosper,

Ile lay no more my faith upon their workes

Th' are weake and loose, and like a rotten wall,

Leaning on them may hazard my owne fall.

Ile use a swifter course, cut off long journeys,

And tedious wayes that runne my hopes past breath,

Ile take the plaine roadē way and hunt his death.

Exit.

Tym. So so, he departs with a knit-brow, no matter;

When his frowne begets earthquakes, happily then

'Twill shake me too; I shall stand firme till then.

Enter Roxano disguised.

Rox. Masse here a walkes; I am far enough from my selfe,

I challenge all disguises except drinking

To hide me better; I give way to that,

For that indeed will thrust a white gentleman

Into a suite of mud, but whilst I begin to be noted.

Zen. I, he chang'd upon't.

Tym. I mark'd him.

Rox. Good your honours, your most comfortable charita-

And

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And devotion to a poore starre crost Gentleman.

Tym. Pox on thee.

Rox. Ime bare enough already if it like your honour.

Tym. He did!

Rox. Pox on thee? your yong gallants love to give no Almes?
But that that will sticke by a man, that s one vertue in them:
He's not content to have my hat off, but he would have my
hayre cff too.

Thanke your good Lordship.

Tym. No! was that his Action!

Amp. It cal'd him Lord.

Zen. Nay he's a Villaine.

Rox. Good your honours! I have beene a man in my time.

Tym. Why what art thou now?

Rox. Kept goodly beasts, had 3. wives,
2. men uprising, 3. maides downe lying; oh good your kind ho-

Tym. Sfoote, I am a begger my selfe.

Rox. Perhaps your Lordship gets by it;

Good your sweete honour!

Tym. This fellow would be whipt.

Rox. Your Lordship has forgot since you were a Begger.

Tym. Ile give thee somewhat for that jest in troath.

Rox. But now you are in private, shut your purse, and open

Tym. How?

(your eare sir.

Zen. He's dealing his devotion, hinder him not.

Rox. I am not literally a Begger, as Puritanicall as I appeare
The naked Truth is you are happily desired.

Tym. Ha!

Rox. Of the most

Sweete, delicate, divine, pleasing, ravishing creature

Tym. Peace, peace, prithee peace.

Rox. That ever made mans wishes perfect.

Tym. Nay, say not so; I saw one creature lately (reous.
Exceeds al humane forme for true perfectiō; this may be beau-

Rox. This for white and red sir, her honour and my oath
sue for that pardon,

You must not know her name nor see her face.

Tym. How?

Rox.

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Rox. She rather chuseth death in her neglect
Than so to hazard life or lose respect.

Tym. How shall I come at her?

Rox. Let your will
Subscribe to the sure meanes already wrought,
She shall be safely pleas'd, you safely brought.

Tym. Ha! and is this sheere faith, without any tricke in't?

Rox. Let me perish in this office else; and I neede wish
No more damnation than to dye a Pander.

Tym. Thou speakest well, when meete wee?

Rox. Five is the fixed houre, upon to morrowes Evening.

Tym. So, the place?

Rox. Neere to the further lodge.

Tym. Goe to then, it holds honest all the way?

Rox. Else does there live no honestie but in Lawyers.

Tym. Enough, five? and the furthest lodge? Ile meete thee.

Rox. Enjoy the sweetest Treasure in a woman. *Exit.*

Tym. Alwayes excepting and the Tyrants Gem,

Zen. What, have you done with the Begger?

Tym. None that lives can say he has done with the Begger.

Zen. Hold conference so long with such a fellow?

Tym. How? are your wits perfect? if one should refuse
to talke with every begger, he might refuse brave Company
sometimes, gallants yfaith. *Exeunt.*

Scene. 4.

Enter the old King, Fidelio, and Amorpho.

King. The losse of my deare Queene afflicts me more
Then all *Lapirus* cursed trecheries: Inhumane monster! *(ces*

Lap. [*in the pit.*] If you have humane formes to fit those voy-
And hearts that may be pierc'd with miseries groanes
Sent from a fainting Spirit; pittie a wretch,
A miserable man, Prisoner to darkeness,
Your charitable strengths this way repaire,
And lift my flesh to the reviving Ayre.

D

King.

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King. Alas, some travelling man, by night out stript,
Missing his way into this danger slipt;
Set all our hands to helpe him; Come, good man,
They that sit high may make their ends below.

Lap. Millions of thankes and prayses.

King. Y'are heavie sir, who ere you be.

Lap. There's weight within keepes downe my soule and mē

King. One full strength more makes our paines happie, poore
strength helps the poore.

So sir, y'are welcome to — *Lapirus?* oh. (*Lapi.fals downe.*
We doe forgive thy Trechery, revive,
Tis pittie and not hate makes goodnesse thrive:

Lap. Oh that astonishment had left me dead!
Shame, sitting on my brow, weighes downe my head:
Even thus the guilt of my abhorred sinne,
Flasht in my face when I beheld the Queene.

King. Our Queene! oh where, *Lapirus?* tell the rest.

Lap. Within this Forrest with her Babes distrest.

King. Which way? lead deare *Lapirus.*

Lap. Follow me then.

King. Not onely shall we quit thy soules offence
But give thy happy labour recompence. *Exeunt.*

Dumbe shew.

Enter the old Queene weeping, with both her Infants, the one dead; she layes downe the other on a baxke, and goes to bury the dead, expressing much griefe. Enter the former Shepheards, walking by carelesly, at last they espie the child and strive for it, at last the Clowne gets it, and dandles it, expressing all signes of joy to them. Enter againe the Queene, she lookes for her Babe and finding it gone, wrings her hands; the Shepheards see her, then wisper together, then beckon to her; she joyfully runs to them, they retorne her child, she points to her breasts, as meaning she should nurse it, they all give her money, the Clowne kisses the Babe and her, and so Exeunt severall wayes. Then enter Lapirus, the Old King, Amorpho, and Fidelio, they misse the Queene and so expressing great sorrow. Exeunt.

Enter

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Enter Chorus.

The miserable Queene expecting still
The Infants succour from *Lapirus* hand
Who wants himselfe; it chanc'd through extreame want
The youngest dyed, and this so neere his end
That had not Shepherds happily passed by
And on the Babe cast a compassionate eye,
And snatch't the child out of the armes of death
Where the sad mother left it, the same houre
Had beene his grave that gives his life new power.
Thus the distressed Queene to them unknowne
Was as a Nurse receiv'd unto her owne.
Whose sight *Lapirus* missing, having led
The King her husband to this haplesse place,
They all depart in extreame height of grieffe
To get unto their owne sad wants releefe. *Exit.*

Act. 3. Scene. 1.

Enter Roxano with his disguise in his hand.

Rox. This is the farther Lodge, the place of meeting;
The houre scarce come yet — well — I was not borne to this;
There's not a hayre to chuse betwixt me and a Pander in this
case, shift it off as well as I can: I doe envie this fellowes hap-
pinesse now; and could cut his throate at pleasure: I could ene
gnaw feathers now to thinke of his downie felicity. I that
could never aspire above a dayrie wench, the very creame of
my fortunes; that he should bathe in Nectar, and I most un-
fortunate in Buttermilke, this is good dealing now, is't?

Enter Mazeres musing.

Maz. Ile have some other, for he mult not live.

Rox. Who's this? my Lord *Mazeres* discontent!
H' has beene to seeke me twice, and privately,
I wonder at the businesse; I me no Statesman;
If I be, tis more than I know; I protest therefore
I dare not call it in question; what should he make with me?

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Ile discover my selfe to him—— if th' other come in the meane time so I may be caught bravely, yet tis scarce the houre, Ile put it to the tryall.

Maz. *Roxano* in my judgement had bene fittest,
And farthest from suspect of such a deed
Because he keepes in the Castle.

Rox. My lov'd Lord.

Maz. *Roxano*!

Rox. The same my Lord.

Maz. I was to seeke thee twice;
Tell me *Roxano*, have I any power in thee? doe I move there,
Or any part of me flow in thy blood?

Rox. As far as life my Lord.

Maz. As far as love man, I aske no further.

Rox. Touch me then my Lord, and try my mettle.

Maz. First there's gold for thee,
After which follow favour, eminence,
And all those gifts which fortune calls her owne.

Rox. Well my Lord.

Maz. There's one *Tymethes* sonne to the banisht King,
Lives about Court, *Zenarchus* gives him grace,
That fellowes my disease, I thrive not with him,
He's like a prison chaine shooke in my eares
I take no sleepe for him, his favours mad me.
My honours and my dignities are dreames
When I behold him; That right arme can ease me,
I will not boast my bounties, but for ever
Live rich and happy: thou art wise farewell. *Exit.*

Rox. Hum, what newes is here now? thou art wise farewell.
By my troth I thinke it is a part of wisdom to take gold
When it is offer'd, many wise men will do't: that I learnt
Of my learned Councell: this is worth thinking on now.
To kill *Tymethes*, so strangely beloved by a Lady, and so monstrously detested by a Lord? here's gold to bring *Tymethes*, and here's gold to kill *Tymethes*. I, let me see, which weighes heaviest; by my faith I thinke the killing gold will carry't: I shall like many a bad Lawyer, runne my Conscience upon the greatest fee; who gives most is like to fare best. I like my safety

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safety so much the worse in this business in that Lord *Mazeres* is his profess'd enemy: he's the King's bosome, hee blowes his thoughts into him; and I had rather be torne with whirlewindes than fall into any of their furies. Troth as far as I can see, the wisest course is to play the knave, lay open this *Venery*; betray him; but see my Lord againe.

Enter Mazeres.

Maz. Hast thou thought of me? may I doe good upon thee? Ile out of recreation, make thee worthy; play honours to thy

Rox. My Lord? (hand.

Maz. Art thou resolv'd? and I will be thy Lord.

Rox. It will appeare I am so; be proud of your revenge before I name it;

Never was man so fortunate in his hate,
Ile give you a whole Age but to thinke how.

Maz. Thou mak'st me thirst.

Rox. *Tymethes* meetes me here.

Maz. Here? excellent, on *Roxano*; he meetes thee here.

Rox. I meant at first to betray all to you sir: understand that my Lord.

Maz. Yfaith I doe.

Rox. Then thus my Lord — he comes.

Enter Tymethes.

Maz. Withdraw behind the Lodgē, relate it breefely.

Tym. A delicate sweete Creature? slight, who should it be? I must not know her name, nor see her face?

It may be some tricke to have my bones bastinadodē

Well, and so sent backe againe; what say you to a blanquetting

Faith, so twere done by a Lady and her Chambermaides

I care not, for if they toss me in the Blankets

Ile toss them in the Sheetes, and that's one for th' other.

A man may be led into a thousand villanies; but the fellow
swore enough,

And here's blood apt enough to beleve him.

Maz. I both admire the deede, and my revenge.

Rox. My Lord Ile make your way.

Maz. Thou mak'st thy friend.

Exit.

Tym. Art come? we meete ene jumpe upon a minute.

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Rox. I but you'le play the better jumper of the two,
I shall not jumpe so neere as you by a handfull.

Tym. How! at a running leape?

Rox. That is more hard;
At a running leape you may give me a handfull.

Tym. So, so, what's to be done.

Rox. Nothing but put this hood over your head.

Tym. How? I never went blindfold before.

Rox. You never went otherwise sir; for all folly is blind;
Besides sir, when we see the sinne we act,
We thinke each triviall crime a bloody fact.

Tym. Well follow'd of a Servingman.

Rox. Servingmen alwayes follow their masters sir.

Tym. No not in their Mistresses.

Rox. There I leave you sir.

Tym. I desire to be left when I come there sir.
But faith sincerely is there no tricke in this?
Prithee deale honestly with me.

Rox. Honestly, if protestation be not honest,
I know not what to call it.

Tym. Why, if she affect me so truely, shee might trust me
with her knowledge,
I could be secret to her chiefe actions, why I love women too
well.

Rox. Shee'll trust you the worse for that sir.

Tym. Why because I love women?

Rox. O sir, tis most common,
He that loves women, is neere true to woman.
Experience dayly proves he loveth none
With a true heart, that affects more than one.

Tym. Your wit runnes nimbly sir, pray use your pleasure.

Rox. Why then goodnight sir. *He puts on the hood.*

Tym. Masse the candles out.

Rox. Oh sir the better sports taste best in th' night,
And what we doe in the darke we hate i' th' light.

Tym. A good doer mayst thou prove, for thy experience;
Come give me thy hand, thou mayst prove an honest Lad,
But however Ile trust thee.

Rox.

The Bloody Banquet.

Rox. Oh sir, first try me,
But we protract good houres, come follow me sir,
Why this is right your sportive Gallants prize,
Before they'le loose their sport theyle loose their eyes. *Exen.*

Scen. 2.

*Enter the Queene and foure servants, she with a booke
in her hand.*

Que. Oh my feare-fighting blood! arē you all herē.

Ser. 1. All at your pleasure Madam.

Que. That's my wish, and my opinion
Hath ever beene perswaded of your truthes,
And I have found you willing t' all imployments
We put into your charge.

Ser. 2. In our faith's madam.

Ser. 3. For wē are bound in duty to your Bounty.

Que. Will you to what I shall prescribe sweare secrecie?

Ser. 4. Try us, sweete Lady, and you shall prove our faith's.

Que. To all things that you heare or see
I sweare you all to secrecie;
I poure my life into your breasts,
There my doome or safety rests.
If you prove untrue to all
Now I rather chuse to fall
With losse of my desire, than light
Into the Tyrants wrathfull spight:
But in vaine I doubt your trust,
I never found your hearts but just.
On this booke your vowes arrive,
And as in truth in favour thrive.

Omn. We wish no higher, so we swearē.

Que. Like Jewels all your vowes Ile weare.
Here, take this Paper, therē those secrets dwell,
Goe reade your charge, which I should blush to tell.
All's sure, I nothing doubt of safety now,

The Bloody Banquet.

To which each servant hath combin'd his vow.

Roxano, that begins it trustily,

I cannot chuse but prayse him, he's so needfull,

There's nothing can be done about a Lady

But he is for it; honest *Roxano*;

Even from our head to feete he's so officious,

The time drawes on, I feele the minutes here,

No clocke so true as love that strikes in feare.

Exeunt.

Scene. 3.

Soft musicke, a Table with lights set out. Arras spread.

Enter Roxano leading Tymethes. Mazeres meetes them.

Tym. How farre lacke I yet of my blind pilgrimage?

Maz. Whist, *Roxano*!

Rox. You are at your—— In my Lord, away, Ile helpe
You to a disguise.

Maz. Enough.

Exit.

Tym. Me thinkes I walke in a Vault all under ground.

Rox. And now your long lost eyes againe are found: good
morrow sir. *Pls off the hood.*

Tym. By the masse the day breakes.

Rox. Rest here my Lord and you shall finde content,
Catch your desires, stay here, they shall be sent.

Tym. Though it be night, tis morning to that night which
brought me hither,

Ha! the ground spread with Arras? what place is this?

Rich hangings? faire roome gloriously furnish'd?

Lights and their luster? riches and their splendor?

Tis no meane creatures, these dumbe tokens witnesse;

Troth I begin t' affect my Hostesse better;

I love her in her absence, though unknowne,

For courtly forme that's here observ'd and showne.

*Loud musicke. Enter 2. with a Banquet; other 2. with lights;
they set 'em downe and depart, making obeysance. Rox-
ano takes one of them aside.*

Rox

The Bloody Banquet.

Rox. *Valesta?* yes, the same; tis my Ladies pleasure,
You give to me your coate, and vizarded attend without
Till she employ you — so now, this disguise
Serves for my Lord *Mazerus*, for he watches
But fit occasion: Letcher, now beware;
Securely sit and fearelesse quaffe and eate,
You'le finde sowre sauce still after your sweete meate. *Exit.*

Tym. The servants all in vizard; by this light
I doe admire the carriage of her love;
For I account that woman above wife
Can sinne and hide the shame from a mans eyes.
They never doe their easie sexe more wong
Than when they venture fame upon mans tongue:
Yet I could sweare concealement in loves plot,
But happie woman that beleeves me not.
What ere is spoke or to be spoke seemes fit,
All still concludes her happinesse and wit.

Loud Musick. Enter *Roxano*, *Mazerus* and the 4. Servants,
with dishes of sweete meates, *Roxano* places them: each
having delivered his dish makes low obeysance to *Tyme-*
thes.

Rox. This banquet from her owne hand received grace
Her selfe prepar'd it for you; as appeares
By the choyce sweetes it yeelds, able to move
A man past sence, to the delights of love,
I bid you welcome as her most priz'd guest,
First to this banquet, next to pleasures feast.

Tym. Who ere she be we thanke her, and commend
Her care and love to entertaine a friend.

Rox. That speakes her sexes rarenesse, for to woman,
The darkest path love treads is cleare and common;
She wishes your content may be as great
As if her presence fill'd that other seate.

Tym. Convey my thanks to her, and fill some wine.

Maz. My Lord?

Rox. My Lord *Mazerus* caught the Office
I can't but laugh to see how well he playes (the Prince
The Devill in a vizard; damnēs where he crouches; little thinks

The Bloody Banquet.

Vnder that face lurkes his liues enimie,
Yet he but-keepes the fashion; great men kill
As flatterers stab; who laugh when they meane ill.

Maz. Now could I poyson him fitly, aptly, rarely,
My vengeance speakes me happy; there it goes.

Tym. Some wine? *Maz.* It comes my Lord.

Enter a Lady with wine.

La. My Lady began to you fir, and doth commend,
This to your heart, and with it her affection.

Tym. He pledge her thankfully; there remove that.

Spils the wine.

Maz. And in this my revenge must be remov'd
Where first I left it, now my abused wrath
Pursues thy ruine in this dangerous path.

Rox. That cup hath quite dasht my Lord *Mazeres.*

Tym. Returne my faith, my reverence, my respect,
And tell her this, which courteously I finde,
She hides her face, but lets me see her minde.

Rox. I would not taste of such a Banquet to feele that
Which followes it,

For the love of an Empresse. Tis more dangerous to be a let-
cher

Than to enter upon a breach; yet how securel he munches
His thoughts are sweeter than the very meates before him:
He little dreames of his destruction;
His horrible fearefull ruine which cannot be withstood,
The end of Venery is disease or blood.

*Soft Musicke. Enter the Queene masked in her night-
gowne; her majd with a shirt and a Night cap.*

Tym. I have not knowne one happier for his pleasure
Than in that state we are; tis a strange tricke,
And sweetely carried; by this light a delicate creature,
And should have a good face if all hit right;
For they that have good bodies and bad faces
Were all mismatcht, and made up in blinde places.

Rox. The wind and tide serve fir, you have lighted upon

The Bloody Banquet.

A Sea of pleasure: here's your sayle sir, and your top streamer,
A faire wrought shirt and a night-cap.

Tym. I shall make a sweete voyage of this.

Rox. I, if you knew all sir.

Tym. Is not all knowne yet? what's to be told?

Rox. Five hundred Crownes in the shirt sleeve in gold.

Tym. How?

Rox. Tis my good Ladies pleasure,
No Clouds eclipse her bounty, she shines cleare,

Some like that pleasure best that colts most deare;

Yet I thinke your Lordship is not of that minde now;

You like that best that brings a Banquet with it, and 500.
Crownes.

Tym. I by this light doe I; and I thinke thou art of my minde.

Rox. We jumpe somewhat neere sir.

Tym. But what does she meane to reward me afore hand?

I may prove an Eunuch now for ought she knowes.

Rox. Oh sir, I nere knew any of your hayre but he was absolute at the game.

Tym. Faith we are much of a colour; but here's a Note,
what sayes it?

He reads. Our love and bounty shall increase

So long as you regard our peace.

Vnlesse your life you would forgoe,

Who we arese, eke not to know.

Enjoy me freely: for your sake

This dangerous shift I undertake.

Be therefore wise, keepe safe your breath;

You cannot see me under death.

I'de be loath to venture so farre for the sight of any Creature
under heaven. (cheap.

Rox. Nay sir I thinke you may see a thousand faces better

Tym. Well, I will shift me instantly, and be content
With my groaping fortune. *Exit.*

Rox. Oh sir, you'le groape to purpose. *Exit.*

Maz. Ile after thee, and see the measure of my vengeance
His ruine is my charge; I have seene that (upheapt

This night would make one blush through this vizard.

The Bloody Banquet.

Like lightning in a Tempest her lust shewes,
Or drinking drunke in Thunder, horrible:
For on this Act a Thousand dangers waite,
The King will seize him in his burning fury
and scale his vengeance on his reeking brest,
Though I make Panders use of eare and eye
No office vile to damme mine Enemy.
This course is but the first, twill not rest there,
The next shall change him into fire and Ayre.

Exit.

Act. 4. Scene. 1.

Enter Tymethes and Zenarchus.

Tym. Nay, did ere subtlety match it?

Zen. Slight, led to a Lady budwinck'd!
Placed in state, and banqueted in Vizards.

Tym. All by this light: but all this nothing was
To the delicious pleasures of her Bed.

Zen. Who should this be?

Tym. Nay enquire not brother,
I'de give one eye to see her with the other.
Seest thou this Jewell? in the midst of night
I slipt it from her vayle, unfelt of her,
'T may be so kind unto me as to bring
Her beauty to my knowledge.

Zen. Can't it not guesse at her, nor at the Place?

Tym. At neither for my heart; why He tell thee man
'T was handled with such Art, such admir'd cunning,
What with my blindnesse and their generall darkenesse,
That when mine eyes receiv'd their liberty, I was nere the
nearer.

To them in full forme I appear'd unshrowded
But all their lights to me were mask'd and clouded.

Enter Tyrant and Maazeres observing.

Zen. Fore heaven I doe admire the cunning of it.

Tym. Nay you cannot out vye my admiration,

The Bloody Banquet.

I had a feeling of 't beyond your passion.

Zen. Well, blow this over, see, our sister comes.

Enter Amphridote.

Tyr. Art sure *Mazeres* that he courts our Daughter?

Maz. I'me sure of more my Lord, she favours him.

Tyr. That Begger? (my Lord.

Maz. Worse my Lord, that villaine Traytor, and yet worse

Tyr. How?

Maz. Pardon my Lord, a riper time shall bring him forth.
Behold him there my Lord. *Tymethes kisses her.*

Tyr. Dares she so farre forget respect to us,
And dim her owne lustre to give him grace?

Maz. Favours are growne to custome twixt them both,
Letters, close banquets, whisperings, private meetings.

Tyr. Ile make them dangerous meetings.

Amp. In faith my Lord Ile have this Jewell.

Tym. Tis not my gift Lady.

Tyr. What's that *Mazeres*?

Maz. Marry, my Lord, she courtly begs a Jewell of him
Which he keepes backe as Courtly, with faire words.

Amp. I have sworne my Lord.

Tym. Why upon that condition
Youlc keepe it safe and close from all strange eyes.
Not wronging me, tis yours.

Amp. I sweare.

Tym. It shall suffice.

They kisse, and Exit. Zenarchus and Amphridote.

Maz. Tis hers my Lord, at which they part in kisses.

Tyr. Ile make those meetings bitter; both shall rue,
We have found *Mazeres* to this minute true.

Exit. come Mazeres.

Tym. No tricke to see this Lady? heart of ill fortune!
The Jewell that was beg'd from me too was
The hope I had to gaine her wisht for knowledge.
Well; here's a heart within will not be quiet;
The eye is the sweete feeder of the soule,
When thē taste wants, that keepes the memory whole;
Tis bad to be in darkencesse all know well,

The Bloody Banquet.

Then not to see her what doth it want of Hell?
What sayes the Note?

Unlesse your life you would forgoe,
Whom we are, seeke not to know.

Pish, all Idle.

As if she'de suffer death to threaten me
Whom she so bounteously and firmly loves?
No tricke? excellent, twill fit; make use of that.

Enter Maxeres and Roxano.

Maz. Enough, th'art honest; I affect thee much;
Goe, traine him to his ruine. *Exit.*

Rox. Let me alone my Lord; doubt not Ile traine him:
Perhaps sir I have the Art.

Tym. Oh, I know thy minde.

Rox. The further lodge?

Tym. Enough, Ile meete thee presently.

Rox. Why so; I like one that will make an end of himselfe
at few words;

A man that hath a quicke perseverance in ill:
A leaping spirit; hee'le run through horrors jawes
To catch a sin; but to oretake a vertue
He softly paces, like a man that's sent
Some tedious darke, unprofitable journey.
Corrupt is nature, she loves nothing more
Than what she most should hate, there's nothing springs
Apace in man but gray haire, cares, and sinnes. *Exit*

Tym. Ile see her come what can; but what can prove?
She cannot seeke my death, that seekes my love. *Exit.*

Scene.

The Bloody Banquet.

Scene. 2.

Enter Amphridote and Mazeros.

Amp. My Lord, what is the matter?

Maz. I know not what;

The King sent.

Amp. Well, we obey.

Maz. Here comes his Highnesse. Enter Tyrant.

Tyr. How now what's she?

Amp. I my Lord?

Your Highnesse knew me once, your most obedient Daughters.

Tyr. They lye that tell me so, this is not she.

Amp. No, my Lord?

Tyr. No, for as thou art I know thee not,
And I shall strive still to forget thee more;
Thou shalt not be in memory my respects
Nor to my owne worthes; how can we thinke of thee
But as of a dejected worthlesse creature?
So farre beneath our grace and thy owne luster, that we dis-
daine to know thee.

Was there no choyse among our selected Nobles
To make thy favorite besides *Tymethes*?
Sonne to our enemy, a wretch, a Begger?
Dead to all fortunes, honours, or their hopes,
Besides his breath, worth nothing; abject wretch,
To place thy affection so vigorously
On him can nere requite it; deny't not,
We know the favours thou hast given him,
Pledges of love, close letters, private meetings,
And whisperings are customary twixt you.

Come, which be his gifts? whereabout lye his pledgēs?

Amp. Your Grace hath beene injuriously inform'd,
I nere receiv'd pledge.

Tyr. Impudent creature, (best honours
When in our sight and hearing shamefully undervaluing thy
And

The Bloody Banquet.

And setting by all modesty of blood thou beg'dst a Jewell of him.

Amp. Oh pardon me my Lord, I had forgot, here 'tis, That is the same, and all that ere was his.

Tyr. Ha! this! how came this hither?

Amp. I gave it you my Lord.

Tyr. Who gave it thee?

Amp. *Tymethes.*

Tyr. He! who gave it him?

Amp. I know not that my Lord.

Tyr. Then here it stickes, *Mazeres!*

Maz. My Lord!

Tyr. Tis my Queenes, my Queenes, *Mazeres.*
How to him came this?

Maz. I can resolve your highnesse:

Tyr. Can *Mazeres?*

Maz. He is some Ape, the huske falls from him now,
And you shall know his inside: he's a villaine,
A Traytor to the pleasures of your Bed.

Tyr. Oh, I shall burst with torment.

Maz. He's receiv'd this night
Into her bosome.

Tyr. I feele a whirle wind in me
Ready to teare the frame of my mortality.

Maz. I trac'd him to the deed.

Tyr. And saw it done?

Maz. I abus'd my eyes in the true survey of't,
Tainted my hearing with lascivious sounds;
My loyalty did prompt me to be sure
Of what I found so wicked and impure.

Tyr. Tis spring-tyde in my Gall, all my blood's bitter,
Puh, lungs too.

Maz. This night.

Tyr. *Lodovico!*

Enter Lodovico.

Lod. My Lord.

Tyr. How cam'st thou up? lets hearē.

Lod. My Lord, my first beginning was a Broker.

Tyr.

The Bloody Banquet.

Tyr. A knave from the beginning; there's no hope of him;

Sertorio? *Enter Sertorio.*

Ser. Here my Lord.

Tyr. We know thee just, how cam'st thou up? let's heare.

Ser. From no desert that I can challenge but your highnesse
favour.

Tyr. Thou art honest in that answere; goe, report we are
40. leagues off.

Rid forth: spread it about the Castle cunningly.

Ser. Ile doe it faithfully my Lord.

Tyr. Doe't cunningly,

Goe, if thou should'st doe't faithfully thou lyest;

I'me lost by violence through all my fences,

I'me blinde with rage, *Mazeres*, guide me forth

I tread in Ayre, and see no foote nor path,

I have lost myselfe, yet cannot lose my wrath.

Exeunt all but Amphridote.

Amp. What have I heard? it dares not be but true;

Tymetbes taken in adulterate traines,

And with the Queene my mother: now I hate him,

As beauty abhorres yeares, or Usurers charity;

He does appeare unto my eye a Leaper

Enter Mazeres.

Full of sinner's blacke infection, foule Adultery:

Cursed be the houre in which I first did grace him,

And let *Mazeres* sterve in my disdain.

That hath so long observ'd me with true love,

Whose loyalty in this approves the same.

Maz. Madam.

Amp. My love? my Lord I should say, but would say my
love.

Maz. I doe beseech your Grace for what I have done

Lay no oppressing censure upon me;

I could not but in honesty reveale it,

Not envying in that he was my Rivall,

Nor in the force of any ancient grudge

But as the deede in its owne nature crav'd,

So mong the rest it was reveal'd to me:

F

Appearing

The Bloody Banquet.

Appearing so detested that your selfe
Gracious and kinde, had you but seene the manner
Would have throwne by all pittie and remorse
And tooke my office or one more in force.

Amp. Rise deare *Mazeres*, in our favours rise,
So farre am I from censure to reprove thee
That in my hate to him I chuse and love thee.

Maz. If constant service may be call'd desert, I shall de-
serve.

Amp. Man hath no better part.

Maz. Why this was happily observ'd and follow'd; (*a side.*
The King will to the Castle late to night,
And tread through all the Vaults, I must attend.

Amp. I wish that at first sight th' hadst forc'd his end. *Exit.*

Maz. Tis better thus; so my revenge imports;
Now thrive my plots, the end shall make me great,
She mine, the Crowne sits here I am then Compleatē. *Exit.*

Scene. 3.

Enter Queene and her maide with a light.

Que. So, leave us here a while, beare backe the light,
I would not be discovered if he come,
You know his entertainment, so be gone,
I am not chearefull troth, what point so ere
My powers arrive at: I desire a league
With desolate darkedesse, and disconsolate fancies,
There is no musicke in my soule to night.
What should I feare when all my servants faiths
Sleepe in my bounty, and no bribes nor threates,
Can wake them from my safety? for the King,
He's forty leagues rode forth, I heard it lately:
Yet heavinessse like a Tyrant, proud in night
Vsurpes my power, rules where it hath no right. *She sleeper.*

Enter Roxano as she sleeper with Tymethes budwinckt.

Tym. Me thinkes this a longer voyage than the first.

Rox.

The Bloody Banquet.

Rox. Pleasures once tasted makes the next seeme worse.

Tym. Is that the trick?

Rox. Oh sir, experience proves it,

You came at first to enjoy what you nere knew,

Now all is but the same what ere you doe.

Tym. Ile prove that false, the sight of her is new.

Rox. I have forgot a businesse to my Lord *Mazeres,*

My safety to the King relies upon't,

You are in the house my Lord, this is the withdrawing
Roome.

Tym. I see nothing.

Rox. No matter sir, as long as you have
Feeling enough.

Tym. Is the Hood off?

Rox. Tis here in my hand sir,

I must crave pardon, leave you here a while,

But as you love my safety and your owne

Remove not from this roome till my returne.

Tym. Well here's my hand I will not.

Rox. Tis enough sir.

Exit.

Tym. Hilt, art gone? then boldly I step forth

Cunning discoverer of an unknowne beauty

As subtle as her plot: Thou art mask't too,

Opens a darke Lanthorne.

Shew me a little comfort, in this condensive darknesse;

Play the flatterer laugh in my face;

Why here's enough to perfect all my wishes;

With this I taste of that forbidden fruite

Which as she sayes death followes; death 'twill sting,

Soft, what roomes this? lets see, tis not the former

I was entertaind in, no, it somewhat differs:

Rich hangings still, Court deckings, I, and all _____

He spies the Queene.

Oh all that can be in mans wish compriz'd

Is in thy love immortall, in thy graces,

I am not the same flesh, my touch is alterd.

She awakes.

Que. Hast thou betrayd me? what hast thou attempted?

The Bloody Banquet.

Tym. Nothing that can be prejudiciall
To the sweete peace of those illustrious graces.

Que. Oh my most certaine ruine ?

Tym. Admir'd Lady heare me, heare my vow,

Que. Oh miserable youth none saves thee now.

Tym. By that which man holds dearest dreadfull Queene.
And all that can be in a vow contain'd
Ile prove as true, secret, and vigilant
As ever man observ'd with serious vertue
The dreadfull call of his departing soule.
Your owne soule to your secrets, shall not prove more true
Than mine to it, to them, to all, to you.

Que. Oh misery of affection built on breath ?
Were I as far past my beleefe in heaven
As in mans oathes, I were the foulest devill. (thing,

Tym. May I eate and nere be nourished, live and know no-
Love without enjoying, if ever —

Que. Come, this is more than needes.

Tym. There's comfort then.

Que. You that professe such truth, shall I enjoyne you
To one poore penance then to try your faith ?

Tym. Be't what it will command it.

Que. Spend but this houre, wherein you have offended
In true repentance of your sinne, and all
Your hasty youth stands guilty of, and being cleare,
You shall enjoy that which you hold most deare.

Tym. And if this pennance I performe not truely
May I henceforth nere be received to favour.

Que. Why then Ile leave you to your taske a while:
Most wretched, doubtfull, strange distracted woman,
Ene drawne in peeces betwixt love and feare,
I weepe in thought of both : bold venturous youth,
Twice I writ death, yet would he seeke to know me,
He'le make no Conscience where his oathes bestow me. *Exit.*

Tym. I'me glad all's so well past, and she appeas'd,
I swear I did expect a harder pennance
When she began to enjoyne me; why, this is wholsomē
For soule and body, though I feldome use it.

The Bloody Banquet.

Her wisdom is as pleasing as her beauty,
I never knew affection hastier borne,
With more true Art and lesse suspicion :
It so amaz'd me to know her my Mistresse
I had no power to close the light againe,

Enter the Queene with two Pistols.

Vnhappy that I was, peace, here she comes.
Downe to thy pennance, thinke of thy whole youth,
From the first minute that the wombe conceiv'd me
To this full heaped houre I doe repent me,
With heart as penitent as a man dissolving,
Of all my sinnes, borne with me, and borne of me;
Dishonest thoughts and sights, the pathes of youth,
So thrive in mercy as I end in truth.

She shootes him dead.

Que. Fly to thy wish, I pray it may be given,
Man in a twinkling is in earth and heaven :
I dealt not like a coward with thy soule,
Nor tooke it unprepar'd.
I gave him time to put his armour on
And sent him forth like a Celestiall champion,
I lov'd thee with more care and truer moane,
Since thou must dye to taste more deathes than one
Too much by this pittie and love confesses,
Had any warning fastned on thy senses :
Rash, unadvised youth, whom my soule weepes for,
How oft I told thee this attempt was death?
Yet would'st thou venture on, fond man and knew?
But what destruction will not youth pursue?
Here long mightst thou have liv'd, beene lov'd, enjoy'd,
Had not thy will thy happinesse destroyd;
Thought'st thou by oathes to have thy deedes well borne?
Thou should'st have come when man was nere forsworne:
They are dangerous no w; witnesse this breach of thine,
Who's false to his owne faith, will nere keepe mine.
We must be safe, young man, the deed's unknowne,
There are more loves, honours no more than one.
Yet spight of death Ile kisse thee; oh strange ill,

The Bloody Banquet.

That for our feares we should our comforts kill?
Whom shall I trust with this poore bleeding body?
Yonder's a secret Vault runnes through the Castle
There for a while convey him; haplesse Boy
that never knew how deare 'twas to enjoy.

Enter Tyrant with a Torch.

Oh mine confounded everlastingly,
Damnd to a thousand Tortures in that sight
What shall I frame? my Lord — *She runnes to him.*

Tyr. What's shee?

Que. Oh my sweete dearest Lord.

Tyr. Thy name?

Que. Thy poore affrighted and indangered Queene.

Tyr. Oh, I know thee now.

Que. Did not your Majesty heare the piteous shreikes
Of an inforced Lady?

Tyr. Yes, whose were they?

Que. Mine my most worthy Lord; behold this Villaine
Scald with his just desert: light here my King,
This violent youth, whom till this night, I saw not,
Being, as it seemes, acquainted with the footesleps
Of that darke passage, broke through the Vault upon me
And with a secret Lanthorne searcht me out;
And seized me at my Orisons alone
And bringing me by violence to this roome
Farre from my guard, or any hope of rescue,
Intending here the ruine of my honour;
But in the strife, as the good Gods ordain'd it
Reaching for succour, I lighted on a Pistoll,
Which I presum'd was not without his charge,
Then I redeemed mine honour from his lust,
So he that fought my fall lyes in the dust.

Tyr. Oh let me imbrace thee for a brave unmatched
Precious, unvallew'd admirable whore.

Que. Ha! what sayes my Lord?

Tyr. Come hither, yet draw nearer, how came this man
To's end? I would heare that, I would learne cunning,
Tell me that I may wonder and so lose thee.

There

The Bloody Banquet.

There is no Art like this; let me partake
A subtlety no devill can imitate,
Speake, why is a'l so contrary to time?
He downe and you up? ha, why thus?

Que. I am sorry for my Lord, I understand him not.

Tyr. The deed is not so monstrous in it selfe
As is the Art which ponders home the deed;
The cunning doth amaze me past the sinne,
That he should fall before my rage begin.

Que. My Lord.

Tyr. Come hither yet, one of those left hands give me,
Thou hast no right at all;
Nothing bnt put a Ring upon a finger

Que. That's a wrong finger for a Ring my Lord.

Tyr. And what was he on whom you bounteously bestow'd
this Iewell?

Que. I doe not like that word. *a side*

Tyr. Looke well upon't, dost know it? I, and start.

Que. Oh heaven, how came this hither?

Your Highnesse gave me this, this is mine owne.

Tyr. Tis the same ring, but yet not the same stone
Mysticall Strumpet, dost thou yet presume

Vpon thy subtle strength? shak'st thou not yet?

Or is it onely Art makes women constant, whom nature
makes so loose?

I lookt for gracious lightning from thy cheekes,

I see none yet; for a relenting Eye,

I can see no such sight; lust keeps in all;

My witnessse? where's my witnessse? rise in the same forme.

Enter from below, Mazeres habited like Roxano.

Que. Oh I'me betray'd.

Tyr. Is not yon woman an Adulteresse.

Maz. Yes, my good Lord.

Tyr. Was not this fellow catcht for her desire?
Brought in a Mist? banquetted and received

To all her amplest pleasures?

Maz. True, my Lord,

I brought him, saw him feasted and receiv'd,

Tyr.

The Bloody Banquet.

Tyr. Downe, downe, we have too much.

Que. Oh tis *Roxano.*

Maz. So, by this sleight I have deceiv'd them both,
I'm tooke for him I strive to make her loath.

Tyr. Needes here more witnesses? Iie call up more.

Que. Oh no, here lyes a witness gainst my selfe
Sooner beleev'd than all their hired faiths;
Dooe me unto my death, onely except
The lingering execution of your looke;
Let me not live tormented in that brow,
I doe confesse.

Tyr. Oh I felt no quicke till now,
All witnesses to this were but dead flesh
I was insensible of all but this.
Would I had given my Kingdome so condition'd
That thou hadst nere confessed it.

Now I stand by the deed, see all in Action,
The close conveyance, cunning passages,
The Artfull fetch, the whispering close disguising,
The houre, the Banquet, and the bawdy Tapers,
All sticke in mine eye together; yet thou shalt live.

Que. Torment me not with life, it askes but death.

Tyr. Oh hadst thou not confest? hadst thou no sleight?
Where was thy cunning there?
I see it now in thy confession.

Thou shalt not dye as long as this is meate,
Thou kill'dst a Bucke which thou thy selfe shalt eate.

Que. Deare sir?

Tyr. Here's Deere stricke dead with thy owne hand,
Tis Venison for thy owne tooth, thou know'st the rellish
A dearer place hath beene thy Taster; ho, *Sertorio! Lodovico!*

They Enter.

Ambo. Here sir.

Tyr. Drag hence that body, see it quartered streight,
No living wrath can I extend upon't,
Else torments, horrors, Gibbets, racks and wheelles
Had with a thousand deaths presented him,
Ere he had tasted one; yet thou shalt live.

Heere

The Bloody Banquet.

Heere, take this Taper lighted, kneele, and weepe,
Ile try which is spent first, that or thine eye,
Ile provide food for thee, thou shalt not dye.
If there be hell for sinnes that men commit,
Marry a strumpet and she keepes the pit.

Exit.

Que. I feard this misery long before it came,
My ominous dreames, and fearefull dreadfulnessse
Promis'd this issue long before twas borne.

Enter Mazeres.

Maz. Yonder she kneeles, little suspecting me
The neate discoverer of her Venerie.
I were full safe had I *Roxano's* life
Which in this streame I fish for; how now Lady;
So nere the earth suites not a living Queene.

Que. Vnder the earth were safer and farre happier:

Maz. What is 't that can drive you to such discomforts?
To prize your glories at so meane a Rate?

Que. The trechery of my servants, good my Lord;

Maz. Dare they prove trecherous? most ignoble Vassals,
To the sweete peace of so divine a Mistresse?

Que. I'me sure one Villaine, whom I dearely lov'd,
Of whom my trust had made Election chiefe,
Perfideously betray'd me to the fury
Of my tempestuous unappeased Lord.

Maz. Let me but know him, that I may bestow
My service to your Grace upon his heart
And thence deserve a Mistresse like your selfe.

Enter Roxano from below.

Que. Oh me, too soone behold him.

Maz. Madam, stand by, let him not see the light.

Rox. Now I expect reward.

Maz. He dyes were he my kinsman for that guilt,
Though twere as farre to's heart as tis to th' hilt.

Runnes at Roxano.

Rox. Ha? what was that? there's a reward with a vengeance.

Maz. Fall villaine, for betraying of thy Lady,
Such things must never creepe about the earth

The Bloody Banquet.

To poyson thē right use of service — a Trecher !

Que. This is some poore revenge, thankes good my Lord,
Into that cave with him from whence he rose
Not long since and betray'd me to the King.

Maz. O villaine, in, and overtake thy soule.

Que. Here's a perplexed brest, let that warme steele
Performe but the like service upon me,
And live the rarest friend to a Queenes wish.

Maz. Oh pardon me, that were too full of evill,
I threat not Angels though I smite the Devill:
Doubt not your peace, the King will be appeas'd
There Ile bestow my service.

Que. We are pleas'd.

Maz. As much as comes to nothing; Ile not sue
To urge the King from that he urg'd him to.

Exit.

Que. Betrayd where I repos'd most trust? oh heaven,
There is no misery, fit match for mine.

*Enter Tyrant Sertorio, Lodovico, bringing in
Tymethes limbes.*

Tyr. So, bring 'em forward yet, there, there bestow thēm,
Before her eyes lay the divided limbes
Of her desired *Paramour*; so, y'are welcome,
Lady you see your cheere, fine flesh, course fare,
Sweete was your lust, what can be bitter there?
By heaven, no other food thy taste shall have,
Till in thy bowels those *Corpes* finde a grave.
Which to be sure of, come, Ile locke thee safe
From the worlds pittie: hang those quarters up,
The bottome drinks the worst in pleasures cup. *Exeunt omnes.*

Att.

The Bloody Banquet.

Act. 5. Scene. 1.

Enter Zenarchus solus.

Zen. Oh my *Tymethes*' truest joy on earth!
Hath thy fate prov'd so flinty? so perverse?
To the sweete spring both of thy youth and hopes?
This was *Mazeres* spight, that cursed Rivall,
And if I faile not, his owne plot shall shower
Vpon his bosome like a falling Tower.

Enter Tyrant.

My worthy Lord:

Tyr. Oh, you should have seene us sooner.

Zen. Why my Lord!

Tyr. The quarters of your friend passed by in Triumph,
A sight that I presume, had pleas'd you well.

Zen. I call a villaine to my fathers pleasure,
No friend of mine; the sight had pleas'd me better,
Had I not like *Mazeres*, run my hate
Into the sinne before it grew to act;
And kill'd it ere 't had knotted: 'twas rare service,
If your vex'd Majesty conceive it right,
In politicke *Mazeres*, serving more
In this discovery, his owne vicious malice
Than any true peace that should make you perfect:
Suffering the hatefull treason to be done
He might have stopt in his confusion.

Tyr. Most certaine.

Zen. Good your Majesty bethinke you
In manly temper and considerate blood;
Went he the way of loyalty, or your quiet,
After he saw the courtesies exceed
T' abate your peace, and trust them with the deed?

Tyr. Oh no, none but a Traytor would have done it.

Zen. For my Lord, weigh't indifferently.

Tyr. I doe, I doe.

Zen. What makes it heynous, burthenfome, and monstrous,

The Bloody Banquet.

Fills you with such distractions, breeds such furies
In your incensed breast, but the deede doing ?

Tyr. Oh.

Zen. Th' intent had beene sufficient for his death,
And that full satisfaction; but the act —

Tyr. Insufferable,

Sertorio! where's *Sertorio.*

Enter Sertorio.

Ser. My Lord.

Tyr. Seeke out *Mazeres* suddenly, peace *Zenarchus*
Let me alone to trap him.

Zen. It may prove,
Behold my friend, how I expresse my love.

Tyr. Oh villaine, had he pierc'd him at first sight,
Where I have one grieffe, I had mist ten thousand by't.

Enter Mazeres and Sertorio.

Maz. I dreamt of some new honours for my late service,
And I wondred how he could keepe off so long from my de-

Tyr. *Mazeres?*

(*sett.*

Maz. My lov'd Lord.

Tyr. I am forgetfull

I am in thy debt some dignities *Mazeres*,
What shift shall we make for thee ? thy late service
Is warme still in our memory and deare favour :
Prithee discover to's the manner how
Thou tookest them subtley.

Maz. I was received into a waiters roome my Lord.

Tyr. Thou wast !

Maz. And in a vizard helpt to serve the banquet.

Tyr. Ha, ha !

Maz. Saw him conveyd into a Chamber privately.

Tyr. And still thou let'st him runne ?

Maz. I let him play my Lord.

Tyr. Ha, ha, ha !

Maz. I watcht still nere, till her armes clapt him.

Tyr. And there thou let'st him rest.

Maz. There he was caught my Lord.

Tyr. So art thou here; drag him to execution he shall dye.
With tortures bove the thought of Tyranny.

Exit.

Zen.

The Bloody Banquet.

Zen. No words are able to expresse my gladnesse,
Tis such a high borne rapture that the soule
Pertakes it onely.

Enter Amphridote and Lodovico.

Amp. My Lord *Mazeres* led
Vnto his death?

Lod. It proves too true deare Princesse.

Amp. Curst be the mouth that doom'd him, and for ever
Blasted the hand that parts him from his life.
Was there none fit to practise Tyrannie on
But whom our heart elected? misery of love!
I must not live to thinke of it.

Zen. Here's my Sister,
I could not bring that newes will please her better,
My newes brings that command over your passions, you must

Amp. Have you warrant for't Brother? (be merry.)

Zen. Yes, strong enough yfaith; here me, *Mazeres*
By this time is at his everlasting home,
Where ere his body lyes, I strucke the stroake
I wrought a bitter pill that quickly choak'd him.

Amp. Oh me, my soule will out, some wine there hoa!

Zen. Wine for our Sister, for the newes is worth it.

Enter Lod. with wine and Exit.

Am. It will prove deare to both; so, give it me; now leave us.

Zen. Revenge nere brought forth a more happy issue
Than I thinke mine to be.

She poysons the wine.

Am. I'me letting forth *Mazeres*, here *Zenarchus*.

Zen. Thou art not like this houre, joviall.

Am. I shall be after this.

Zen. That does'r if any,
Wine doth both helpe defects, and causeth many.
Here's to the deed faith of our last revenge.

Amp. Dying men Prophecie, faith tis our last end;
Now I must tell you brother, that I hate you,
In that you have betray'd my lov'd *Mazeres*.

Zen. What's this?

Amp. His decde was loyall, his discovery just,

The Bloody Banquet.

He brought to light a monster and his lust.

Zen. Nay if you grow so strumpet like in your behaviour
to me,

Ile quickly coole that insolence.

Amp. Peace, peace,

There is a Champion fights for me unseene,
I neede not feare thy thereats.

Zen. Indeed no Harlot

But has her Champion, besides Baud and Varlet; oh!

Amp. Why law you now such geere will nere thrive with
you.

Zen. I'm sicke of thy sociēty, poyson to mine eyes.

Amp. Tis lower in thy brest the poyson lyes.

Zen. How?

Amp. Tis for *Mazeres*.

Zen. Oh you vertuous powers,

What a right strumpet? poyson under love?

Amp. That man can nere be safe that dividēs love. *She dyes.*

Zen. Nor she be honest can so soone impart,

Oh ware that woman that can shift her heart. *Dyes.*

Scene. 2.

Thunder and lightning. A blazing starre appears.

Enter Tyrant.

Tyr. Ha? thunder? and thou marrow melting blast
Quicke winged lightning; and thou blazing starre,
I like not thy prodigious bearded fire;
Thy beames are fatall: ha? behold the Influence
Of all their malice in my childrens ruines?
Their states malignant powers have envyde,
And for some hast strucke with their envies dy'd.
Tis omenous; within there?

Enter Sertorio and Lodovico.

Lod. Here my Lord.

Tyr. Conveigh those bodies a while from my sight.

Ser:

The Bloody Banquet.

Ser. Both dead my Lord.

Tyr. Yes, and we safe, our death we need lesse feare,
Vsurpers issue oft proves dangerous,
We depose others, and they poyson us,
I have found it on Records, tis better thus.

*Enter the Old King, Lapius, Fidelio, Amorpho, all
disguised like Pilgrims.*

Lap. My Lord, this Castle is but slightly guarded.

King. Tis as I hop'd and wish'd; now blesse us heaven,
What horrid and inhumaine spectacle
Is yonder that presents it selfe to sight?

Fid. It seemes three quarters of a man hung up.

Kin. What Tiranny hath beene exercis'd of late? I dare not
venture on.

Amo. Feare not my Lord, our habits give us safety.

Lap. Behold, the *Tyrant* maketh toward us.

Tyr. Holy, and reverent Pilgrims, welcome.

Kin. Bold strangers, by the Tempest beaten in.

Tyr. Most welcome still, wee are but stewards for such
guests as you,

What we possesse is yours, to your wants due,
We are onely rich for your necessities.

King. A generous, free, and charitable minde
Keepes in thy bosome to poore Pilgrims kinde.

Tyr. Tis time of day to dine my friends; *Sertorio?*

Enter Sertorio.

Ser. My Lord?

Tyr. Our food.

Ser. Tis ready for your highnesse.

*Long Musicke. A banquet brought in, and by it a small
Table for the Queene.*

Tyr. Sit, pray sit, religious men right welcome
Vnto our Cates. Grave sir I have observ'd
You waste the vertue of your serious eye
Too much on such a worthlesse objects as that is.
A Traytor when he liv'd call'd that his flesh;
Let hang, here's to you, we are the oldest here,
Round let it goe, feede, if you like your cheere.

Enter

The Bloody Banquet.

Breake vow, bleed Whore, there is my jealousie flowne.

He kills his Queene.

Oh happie man, tis more revenge to me
Then all your aymes, I have kill'd my jealousie.
I have nothing now to care for more than hell
'T had beene if you had stricke me ere she fell.
I had left her to your lust, the thought is bitterne sse,
But she first falne; ha, ha, ha.

King. Dye cruell murtherous Tyrant.

They all discharge at him.

Tyr. So, laugh away this breath,
My lust was nere more pleasing than my death.

Dyes.

Lap. As full posselt as ever, and as rich
In Subjects hearts and voyces; we present thee
The compleat sway of this usurped Kingdome.

Kin. I am so borne betwixt the violent streames
Of Ioy and passion, I forget my state;
To all our thanks and favours, and what more
We are in debt to all your free consent
We will discharge in happie governement.

Enter the Old Queene disguised, a Boy with her.

Que. The peaccfull'st reigne that ever Prince enjoy'd.

Kin. Already a Petition? suitors begin betimes
We are scarce warme in our good fortune yet, what are you?

Que. Vnworthiest of all the joyes this houre brings forth.

She discovers.

Kin. Our dearest Queene?

Que. Your poore distressed Queene.

Kin. Oh let me light upon that constant brest,
And kisse thee till my soule melt on thy lips:
Our Joyes were perfect, stood Tymethes there,
We are old; this Kingdome wants a hopefull heire.

Que. Your joyes are perfect though he stand not there,
And your wish blest b. hold a hopefull heire:
Stand not amaz'd, 'tis *Manophes*.

Kin. How just the Gods are? who in their due time
Returne what they tooke from us.

Que. Happy houre,

Heaven

The Bloody Banquet.

Heaven hath not taken all our happinesse ;
For though your elder met ill fate, good heaven
Hath thus preserv'd your yonger for your heire.

Kin. Prepare those limbes for honourable buriall,
And noble Nephew all your ill is lost
In your late new borne goodnesse, which we'le reward,
No storme of fate so fierce but time destroyes,
And beates backe miserie with a peale of Joyes.

Exeunt omnes.

F 7 N 7 S.

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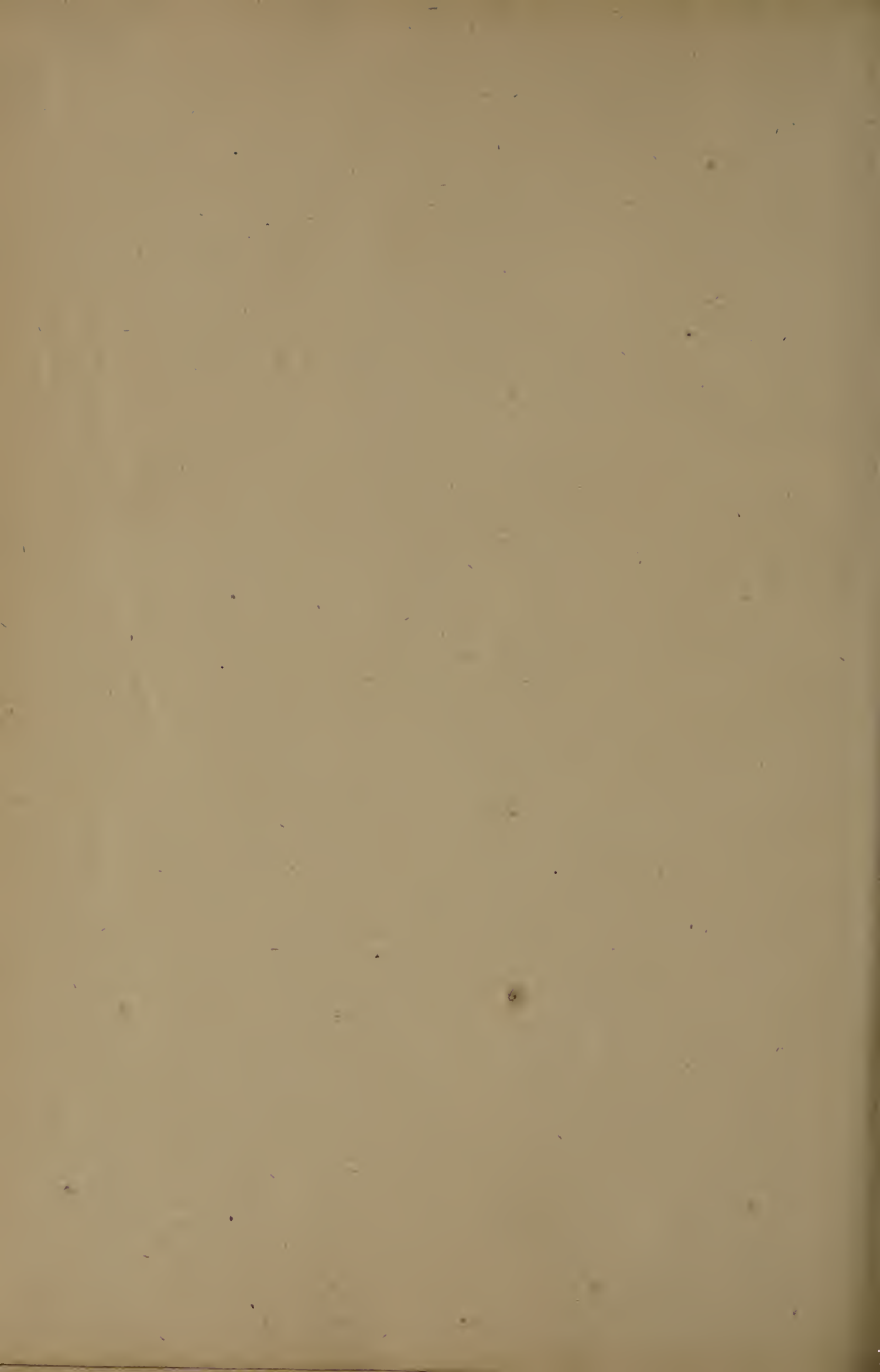
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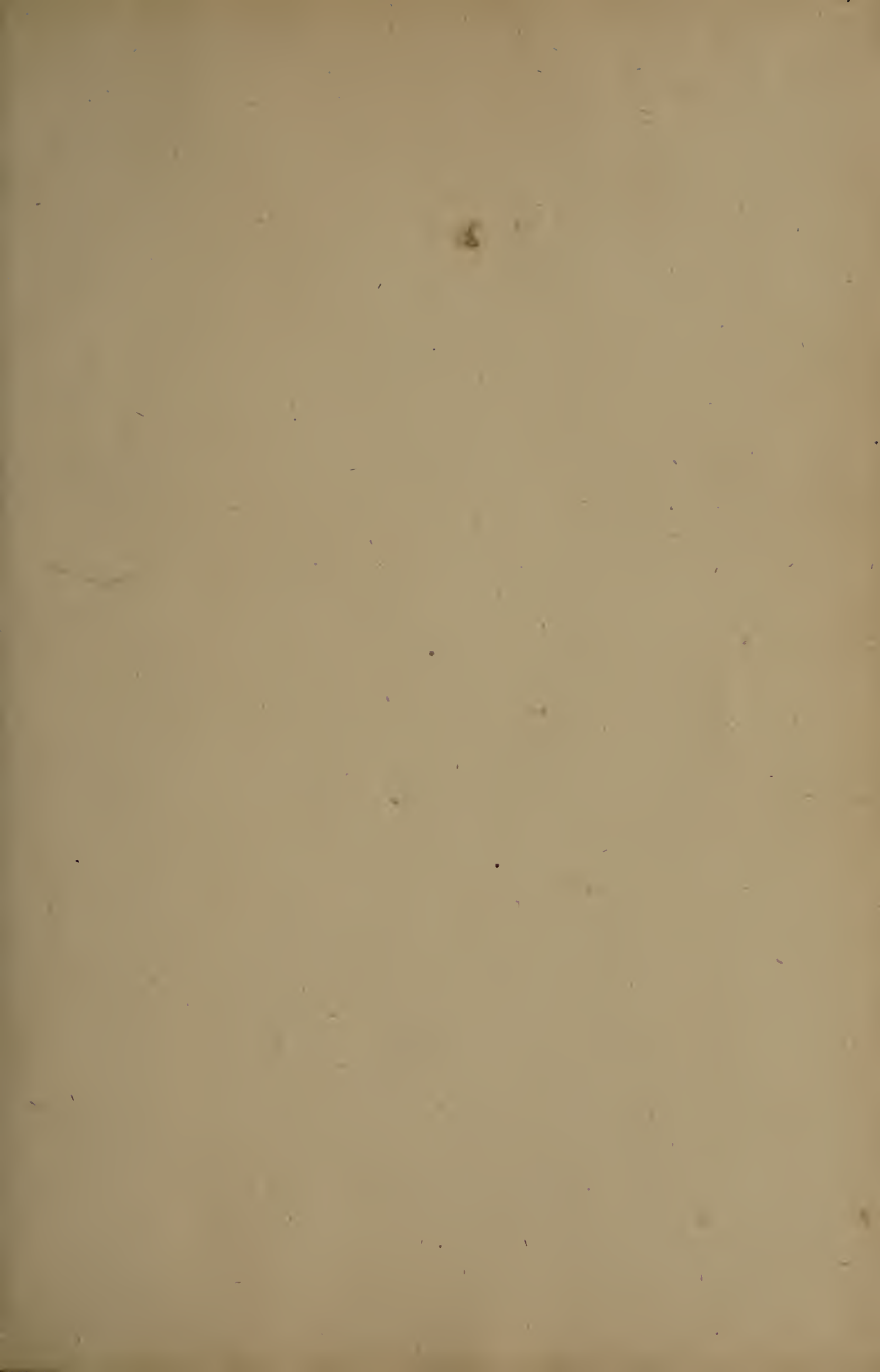
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P. 6. Shakspeare.

- 14. Do. -

- 22. Do.





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